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LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series,
Volume LXII. }

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

ONLY THE OTHER DAY.

YON sweet Madonna, all in white,
With Christ upon her lap in play,
And cherubs on the sky in flight,
Was made by Luca, soft and bright,
Only the other day.

Only the other day! Well wears
This vessel, shaped in Tuscan clay;
It held in Chiusi woman's tears
Ere Christian faith eased human fears,
Only the other day.

The Sun, the World, that mighty plan
We call the Milky Way,
Was dark and still: no Earth — no Man!
God smiled upon it, and it span,
Only the other day.

Who knows, amid life's wear and tear,
How soon the gold may turn to gray
This homely chair, the fireside where
You sit and smile, may seem next year
Things of the other day!

Hope sweetly makes me reconciled
If you and I, — long passed away, —
Some reading this should say, my child,
"His verses flow as tho' *She* smiled
Only the other day."

Lotus Leaves.

SPRING.

VIDEO MELIORA.

BLACKTHORN white, and willow green,
Calm delight of beauty seen, —
In between, with hidden might,
Breaks a flash of the unseen,
Breaks the vision infinite,
As breaks the night
Some meteor bright, —
A moment's sheen,
A vanished light!

"Earth so fair, can Heaven exceed it?
Flashed some vision? Wherefore heed it?
Why not rest?
It was a dream,
That moment's gleam."
Yet answered in this throbbing breast!

Yes, once again
Superb return
To fields forlorn
The boons of Spring;
For us in vain,
Except they bring
To hearts that burn
A deeper pain,
The sudden sting
That bids them yearn
For the unborn,
The perfect gain.

E. P. F.
Spectator.

Boar's Head Hill, near Oxford.

"WHERE'S RAMSGATE?"

[*Mr. Justice Hawkins*. Where is Ramsgate?
Mr. Dickens. It is in Thanet, your Lordship.
Report of Twyman v. Bligh.]

"WHERE'S Ramsgate?" Justice Hawkins
cried.

"Where on our earthly planet?"
The learned Dickens straight replied,
"'Tis in the Isle of Thanet.

"Ramsgate is where the purest air
Will make your head or leg well,
Will jaded appetite repair
With the shrimp cure of Pegwell.

"Where's Ramsgate? It is near the place
Where Julius Cæsar waded,
And nearer still to where his Grace
Augustine come one day did.

"All barristers should Ramsgate know:
I speak of it with pleasure,"
Quoth Dickens. "There I often go
When wanting a refresher.

"Where's Ramsgate? Where I've often
seen
Both S-m-b-r-ne and Du M-r-r-er,
When I have gone by 3'15
Granville Express, Victorier.

"With Thanet Harriers, when you are
Well mounted on a pony,
You'll say, for health who'd go so far
As Cannes, Nice, or Mentone?

"With Poland, of the Treasury,
Recorder eke of Dover,
I oft go down for pleasure;
Alack! 'tis too soon over!

"O'er Thanet's Isle where'er you trudge,
My lud, you'll find no land which —"
"Dickens take Ramsgate!" quoth the judge;
"Luncheon! I'm off to Sandwich!"

Punch.

ROUNDEL.

O'ER London town the dawn is breaking now;
The lights in street and casement sink
a-down,
And morning rises with her pure pale brow
O'er London town.

Sick men take heart to see her purple crown
Rise in the east; the homeless turn and bow
To watch the weaving of her azure gown.

Brave souls rejoice, lost ones recall their vow,
Rich men sleep sated on their beds of down;
To each dawn sends her message — she knows
how —
O'er London town.

CHARLES SAYLE.

English Illustrated Magazine.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MARY STUART IN SCOTLAND.

MAITLAND AND CECIL.

WE have seen that there was an active and unscrupulous faction in Scotland who were always bitterly hostile to Mary Stuart. They suspected her as a "French-woman;" they detested her as a "Papist." Randolph, whose relations with Knox were close, if not cordial, has described the situation with his usual lucidity: "And to make it more plain unto your Majesty, so long as this queen is in heart divided from her subjects through the diversity of religion, they neither have that quietness of mind nor peace in conscience that is most to be desired in true worship of their sovereign, nor yet see how her state can long continue, seeing the self-same seeds remain that was the occasion of a former mischief." With the help of Maitland, the Scottish irreconcilables were meanwhile kept in check. But Mary had other than domestic enemies, and among these the most powerful was the famous minister of Queen Elizabeth. Cecil's conviction that Mary Stuart, as queen of Scotland, was a constant menace to England and to Elizabeth never wavered. But for Cecil, Maitland's policy of conciliation might have succeeded. The disaffected faction were in a minority. The "professors" were not popular with the great nobles or with the mass of the common people. The high-spirited girl, with the blood of Bruce in her veins, could count with confidence on every Scotchman whose patriotism was more deeply rooted than his Calvinism. But Cecil, like Knox, had resolved from the outset that Mary should fail; and Cecil's patient animosity was even more deadly than Knox's truculent violence. They were in many respects uncongenial allies; but they had correctly apprehended the conditions of the problem which they had set themselves to solve, and each knew that the one was indispensable to the other.

Much, I admit, may be urged for Cecil. He was fighting the battle of reasonable Protestantism against heavy odds. England was, as it seemed, the last citadel of freedom; England alone stood between Charles V. and universal empire. "The

emperor is aiming at the sovereignty of Europe, which he cannot obtain without the suppression of the reformed religion; and unless he crushes the English nation, he cannot crush the Reformation." These were the words of the foremost man in England at the moment; and it was owing to him, more than to any other English statesman, that England was not crushed in the contest. But the risks as well as the responsibilities were enormous; and we need not blame him over-much if the weapons which he selected were not invariably those which a more fastidious taste or a more sensitive conscience would have approved. Norfolk had told Cecil in 1560 that he was glad to learn that Elizabeth had determined to "go through" with the Scottish business, "*either by fair means or foul.*" The phrase was as apt and expressive as it was frank. Mary was, from first to last, a danger to Elizabeth, and it was necessary that the danger, "by fair means or foul," should be removed. Elizabeth's advisers, it may be admitted, did not exaggerate the possible peril. A stormy channel divided England from the mainland of Europe, and a race of hardy mariners were being bred who could be trusted to hold their own upon the narrow seas. But the Border was the weak point in the national defence. It was the chink in Cecil's armor. While resolutely facing the great Catholic powers of the Continent, the English statesman was always haunted by an uneasy suspicion that there was danger in the rear. The "auld enemy" hung like a thundercloud above the northern passes. The Scottish Border was "a dry march," and the road by Carlisle or Newcastle to the south a beaten thoroughfare. If a French or Spanish force were once landed at Leith or Dunbarton, it might be at Durham within the week. Mary was a covert or open enemy; a vital position could not be left in an enemy's hand; at all hazards, it must be carried. Cecil's friendly overtures were only diplomatic feints; the negotiations in which he engaged between 1561 and 1566 were not seriously intended; and while waiting patiently for the inevitable outbreak (which in the mean time he was doing his best to provoke), he

adroitly contrived to amuse Mary and occupy her ministers with illusory prospects of friendship and alliance.

Maitland's position as Mary's minister was not less clear. Scottish patriots and Scottish prophets had dreamt from of old of a Scottish prince upon the English throne; and Maitland, if not a prophet, was a patriot to the core. If Elizabeth died childless, Mary was the next heir; and the vision of the long line of kings of Banquo's issue, "that twofold balls and treble sceptres carry," which haunted the owner of a fruitless crown and a barren sceptre like a nightmare, was beheld by Maitland with growing distinctness. Thus and thus only could any solution of the old puzzle be brought about. There would be a union of the crowns, and a union, so far as Scotland, so far as the weaker and more jealous people was concerned, neither humiliating nor inglorious. The clause in the Treaty of Edinburgh, which provided that Mary "in all times coming" should renounce the right to the English succession, was one therefore which he could not advise her to ratify; but if this clause were withdrawn and the Scottish right of succession were recognized, then Mary might bind herself to become the close ally of England; might enter into a marriage agreeable to Elizabeth; might even acquiesce in the doctrine and conform to the ritual of the Anglican branch of the Catholic and Apostolic Church. This was, it seems to me, a policy of patriotism and common sense; and to this policy Maitland steadily adhered. It did not succeed; but *that*, as we shall see, was not his fault.

The historians of the period, indeed, have maintained with suspicious unanimity that Maitland's policy was altogether impracticable. No peace was possible, they hold, until Mary, by signing the Treaty of Edinburgh, had explicitly renounced her claim to Elizabeth's crown. "The Scottish queen," Mr. Burton asserts, "by declining to accept of the Treaty of Edinburgh, adhered to her claim on the English throne;" but the provision in the treaty to which Mary prudently and reasonably demurred (as it seems to me) was, that she and her hus-

band should "in all times coming" abstain from bearing the English title. Could these words be construed into an absolute renunciation of her right, or could they not? If they could not, then Maitland was overscrupulous; but if (by any license of diplomacy or verbal ingenuity) they were capable of being so construed, he was bound to protect the Scottish interest in the succession "by declining to accept of the treaty."

It does not appear to me that the opposite view can be seriously argued; even Cecil himself ultimately allowed that it could not. We shall see indeed that, as time wore on, the ground of debate was gradually shifted, — the reasonableness of Mary's contention being in the end expressly recognized by Elizabeth's ministers.

No one can doubt that Maitland ardently desired the union of the nations. He was indeed all his life a passionate Unionist, and for union he was ready to sacrifice much that to a Scotsman was dear. He adhered steadily to Mary Stuart; she had interested him, and perhaps fascinated him, as we have seen; but his loyalty to her cause is mainly to be ascribed, I believe, to the clear conviction that under no other ruler could the nations be brought together. To every Scotsman who might otherwise have aspired to the Scottish crown — to Arran, to Darnley, to the lord James — there was one insuperable objection, — his accession would make union impossible. Failing Elizabeth and the issue of Elizabeth, Mary was the undoubted heir of Henry VII.; and the English people would have Mary, and Mary only.

It was during the years of which I am now writing — that is to say, between 1561 and 1566 — that Maitland was most powerful; his authority with Mary, if not with Elizabeth, was unbounded; and our estimate of the policy which he pursued at this time must largely determine our judgment of his capacity and sagacity as a statesman of the first rank. I do not wish my conclusions to be taken on trust; his own letters are in evidence; and from these a fairly intelligible view of his attitude to the great public affairs in which

he was engaged may be obtained. They are sometimes enigmatical, often elliptical; but, as a rule, "the mark at which he constantly shot" (to use his favorite expression) is defined with entire lucidity and eminent frankness.

Maitland's commanding position at this time is attested by all his contemporaries. He was the real ruler of Scotland during the comparatively peaceful and prosperous years that succeeded Mary's return. Moray might be in greater place, and the Calvinistic historians were naturally desirous to associate the name of their most eminent leader with the firm yet judicious conduct of public affairs which characterized the administration; yet even Moray's eulogists are constrained to admit that he was skilfully seconded by Maitland. "Moray employed as his chief counsellor," — this is Buchanan's testimony — "William Maitland, a young man of prodigious ability, whose brilliant talents had already lent lustre to his career, and excited the liveliest expectations of future excellence. By their firmness and wisdom entire tranquillity was preserved, both at home and abroad, — a state of affairs agreeable to all good men, and disagreeable to the factious only." If the records of the secret diplomacy of the time are to be trusted, it was Maitland, however, rather than Moray, who was the master-spirit at Mary's court. Moray's grave and decorous walk in life is mildly approved; but Lethington is the dominating personality, and his political influence is unbounded. He was the principal secretary (the secretary of state, as we would say); a member of the Privy Council; the envoy to Elizabeth and Catherine of Medicis; Mary's closest and most trusted adviser. *The union of the kingdoms; the ratification of the Treaty of Edinburgh; the succession to the English crown; the queen's marriage,* — were among the most urgent of the controversies that engaged the attention of diplomatists during the comparatively peaceful years that preceded the Darnley misadventure; and on all these questions Lethington was the spokesman of the Scottish government. But he was more. Randolph's letters indicate unmistakably that the secretary's judgment was

the determining factor in any resolution taken at Holyrood. On all questions of foreign or domestic policy his opinion was decisive. In the lively letters of Elizabeth's envoy, from which some extracts may here be given — letters which throw a vivid light upon the scenes in which, and the men among whom, he moved — the lord of Lethington is unquestionably the most interesting and imposing figure.

I had brought the narrative of events in an earlier paper to the period of Mary's return to Scotland. Soon after her return Lethington was despatched with a conciliatory message to Elizabeth; and it was during his absence that Randolph was for the first time presented to Mary. "She spake nothing to me at the time of my tarrying here," he reported to Elizabeth; "but after my departure, told my Lord James she perceived that your mind was that I should remain here. And after some words, both in earnest and mirth, had between them of my doings here in times past, 'Well,' saith she, 'I am content that he tarry, but I'll have another there as crafty as he.' I threatened upon the Lord James that these words were rather his than her Majesty's; but, however it be, there is one presently of hers with your Majesty that can play his part with craft enough." Mary was absent from Edinburgh when Maitland returned; but Randolph saw him as he passed to the court. "He was as greedy to hear news of this country as I was desirous to hear of mine. I find that his absence hath nothing hindered his credit. It is suspected that the Lord James seeketh too much his own advancement, which hitherto little appeareth for anything he ever received worth a groat. It is thought that Lethington is too politic; and take me these two out of Scotland, and those that love their country shall soon find the want of them. The Papists bruit them to favor England too well; others that they are too well affectioned to their own; so that these two alone bear the bruit and brunt of whatsoever is either done, thought, or spoken." "I receive of her Grace at all time," he adds in a later letter, "very good words. I am borne in hand by such as are nearest about her, as

the Lord James and the Lord of Lethington, that they are meant as they are spoken; I see them above all others in credit, and find in them no alteration, though there be those that complain that they yield too much unto her appetite, which yet I see not. The Lord James dealeth according to his nature, rudely, homely, and bluntly; the Lord of Lethington more delicately and finely, yet nothing swerveth from the other in mind and effect. She is patient to hear, and beareth much." Writing a day or two afterwards, he alludes to some of the things which Mary had to hear and bear. "It is now called in question whether that the Princess being an Idolater may be obeyed in all civil and political actions. I think marvellously of the wisdom of God that gave this unruly, inconstant, and cumbersome people no more power than they have, for then would they run wild. Now they imagine that the Lord James groweth cold, that he aspirerth to great matters; Lidington ambitious and too full of policy. So there is no remedy, they say; it must yet come to a new day. To the contrary of this I persuade by all means that I can; and in my conscience they are in the wrong to the Lord James. And whensoever Lidington is taken out of his place, they shall not find among themselves so fit a man to serve in this realm. As I thought thus to have ended, there were sent unto me your letters, brought by Le Croc, who, as the Lord of Lidington giveth me to understand, hath made very honorable report of the Queen's Majesty, my sovereign. The Lord James also confirmeth the same with many merry words that this Queen wished that one of the two were a man, to make an end of all debates. This, I trow, was spoken in her merry mood." In the letter of the 17th December, Mary's "merry words" are again repeated. "When any purpose falleth in of marriage, she saith that she will have none other husband than the Queen of England. He is right near about her who hath often times heard her speak it." Randolph obviously alludes to Lethington, of whom, in the same letter, he says, that "the more privy he is unto all her doings than it is possible for me to be, the better is he able to inform your honor of the thoughts in that matter; and I assure myself that there lacketh no good will in him thereunto; for so much as I am able myself to conjecture, she meaneth no less than to do what she can to unite the two Realms in so perfect an amity, as the like hath not been. I never

have access unto her Grace on any occasion but our purpose endeth in that matter. The Bishops know not yet what they may well think of her. The Lord James, say they, beareth too much rule; Lidington hath a crafty head and fell tongue;" and between the two they were sadly perplexed.

These sketches belong to the year 1561; from that time onwards Maitland's influence was constantly on the increase. "The Lord James" had a good deal of what the most whimsical of English humorists has called "worldliness and other worldliness" in his nature; and while by no means so rapacious as Morton, the fair lands of Mar or Moray were prizes which he eagerly coveted, and which he pursued with characteristic patience and tenacity. His position, moreover, was somewhat difficult, — the leader of the "precise Protestants" was also the brother of the queen. We need not wonder, therefore, that he should have maintained a certain reserve, and that while he was engaged in consolidating a great territorial position, the conduct of public affairs should have been more and more intrusted to Maitland. The friendly relations between the two statesmen were not interrupted; yet there are indications that Moray had begun to realize that he was being thrust into the background by his more adroit and brilliant colleague.

To return to Randolph. The English envoy was a hearty advocate of Maitland's proposal that the queens should meet. "Touching this Queen's going into England, how, when, with many other things that are to be weighed therein, I trust your honor is satisfied, or at the least knoweth the Lord of Lethington's judgment, who both doth all, and ruleth those matters as may best fall out to the Queen his mistress' honor, and weal of both realms." But even in a matter of his own devising Maitland showed his constitutional wariness. "I find in him great good will to further all Godly purposes that may draw on amity or kindness, but he allegeth the danger to be so great, and the event so uncertain, that it behoveth him warily to proceed. As the felicity shall be great if there come good success of any meeting that may be between the two Princesses, so the least thing that seemeth amiss is his utter ruining. He findeth not such maturity of judgment and ripeness in experience in his Mistress as he doth in the Queen's Majesty my Sovereign, in whom both nature and time hath wrought much more than is common to

many of greater years, wherefore he judgeth it the harder dealing with her in those cases, and the more peril to be the only Author, Counsellor, and persuader in so weighty a matter. We have disagreed. He looked for assurance in all things.

Audaces, I say, Fortuna adjuvat, et non fit sine periculo facinus magnum et memorabile."

Lethington was not deficient in audacity; and possibly the show of reluctance had been exaggerated; for within a few days all difficulties at Holyrood appear to have been removed. "If it were not committed to me for a great secret, I could assure your Honor that it is so far resolved and concluded between this Queen, the Lord James, and the Lord Ledington, that if it be not utterly refused by you it shall pass any man's power in Scotland to stay it. All danger or suspicion is quite set apart. It hath been said unto myself not long since that the dishonor of the father breaking his promise"—to meet Henry VIII. at York—"should be repaired with the affianced and trust the daughter hath in our Queen's virtue and honor. This Queen is so far resolved that she hath already pressed twice or thrice the Lord of Ledington to pass in post with full commission from her to demand an interview, and to accord in what manner and how it may be ordered." Maitland, indeed, was still desirous to have some more definite promise from Cecil,—“to know from your Honor what appearance there may be of good to either realm—unto which he seemeth to bear so equal and indifferent favor, as if the misfortune of either were utter destruction to himself,”—while there were others, like Knox, who did not regard any approach to friendliness between the queens with favor. "Some allege the hazard of herself and nobles; many are loth for the charges; others say that amity being once made, that her power will be the greater. Though in verity the charges will be great, and a hard matter to find so much gold that is current in England in men's hands in Scotland as will furnish this voyage, yet I know that this last point is more feared of many in Scotland than either of the other two. The difficulty is for the exchange, seeing there are many here that have great sums of silver that have little gold. Of this matter the Lord of Ledington shall have commission to confer, as also of divers other points." It was not, however, until the 23d of May that he was able to announce that the Lord of Lethington "departeth hence without fail on Tuesday next;" and Mary's letter to Elizabeth recommending

"our trusty and well belovit, the Lord of Lethington, our Principal Secretar," as "being a man of a lang time well known unto you," and inviting her to give credence to him "as to ourself," is dated two days later.

Maitland's mission was speedily accomplished; but the meeting, as we shall see, never took place,—an excuse for delay having been discovered at the last moment by the English Council. He was again in England on Mary's service in 1563. "It is now resolved that the Lord of Ledington shall visit the Queen's Majesty from hence. How shortly he departeth I know not. One thing your Honor may know assuredly, that for the advancement of his Mistress's service he will do and say whatsoever lieth in his power. He is charged here to have been over good servant unto her. His advice is followed more than any other's. A man in such place ought to have many wits and well tempered." On the occasion of this visit he went as far as Paris, and proposals for Mary's marriage with a prince of the blood were made to him when there, both by Spain and Austria. He had been instructed on this occasion to correspond directly with Mary, and his growing authority with the queen appears to have been resented by Moray. He had not returned when Randolph on 3d June wrote to Cecil: "I know not upon what deserts, but many men have conceived strangely of the Lord of Ledington. I would to God that he had been plainer with my Lord of Moray than he hath been. I know the wisdom of the Lord of Ledington to be such that he will use those matters well at his return. His desire is to do good to all men; and *that* never framed well to any man that hath the place that he occupieth. I write not these things unto your Honor with other mind than that I do lament that such a friend unto our country, such a servant as this Princess hath not his like, one that is able and willing to do good for the continuance of amity and peace betwixt the two realms, should in anything overshoot himself." The differences with Moray, however, appear to have been quickly composed on Maitland's return. "Upon Thursday last the Lord of Ledington arrived here. These three days past have been too little to satisfy the queen's demands. I can yet perceive no misliking of his doings, nor worse opinion of himself than was at his departure. This Saturday at night the Earl of Moray arrived from St. Johnston, and found the Lord of Ledington and me

communing, being even then in purpose of those points that the unkindness rose between them. I doubt not the Lord of Ledington will well satisfy him, wherein though I never desired to meddle, yet will the Lord of Ledington that I shall speak somewhat before his departure. The natures of them both is so good, that I neither mislike nor mistrust but all matters shall grow to a good end."

Diplomacy had failed to bring about a meeting between the queens; and the marriage negotiations which followed were still less successful. The vague promises of Elizabeth, that in the event of Mary making a marriage agreeable to England her title to the English crown would be recognized, were distrusted by Maitland from the first. "The Lord of Ledington wishes that the Queen had descended into more particulars, for he sayeth that those general dealings breed ever suspicion of good meaning. I charged him with no less on his Sovereign's behalf, or rather his own, who was the whole guider of her affairs." Maitland had become by this time "the whole guider of her affairs;" and a year later Randolph, on his way to the Berwick conference, uses even stronger language. "To meet with such a match your Majesty knoweth what wit had been fit; how far he exceedeth the compass of one or two heads that can guide a queen, and govern a whole realm alone!"

So much for Randolph. I have brought together a few scraps from a voluminous correspondence, which, if carefully sifted and intelligently annotated, might be made public with immense advantage to the serious student of Scottish history.

I now turn to the Cecil correspondence, which, in so far as it is devoted to the discussion of the larger political questions of the day — the union with England, the succession to the crown, the marriage of the queen — is hardly less interesting than Randolph's.

It need not be repeated that Maitland and Cecil were close allies. For several years, indeed, their relations were exceptionally intimate. The English minister (no less than his mistress) appears to have had the most implicit confidence in Maitland's discretion and judgment. "Oh, for one hour of Lethington!" is the burden of more than one letter. "I have upon this news wished to have had but one hour's conference with the Lord of Lethington;" and long after Maitland was gone he looked back regretfully to "the old familiar friendship and strict amity"

which they had steadily maintained, and which had been brought to such a disastrous close. Yet it is impossible to read their correspondence without coming to the conclusion that (whatever success it might have had with Elizabeth herself) Maitland's policy of concord, of a friendly understanding between the queens, was persistently thwarted by Cecil. Lethington is one of the last men to whom unreasoning obstinacy can be justly imputed. He detested dogmatism. He was seldom, if ever, over-confident. "Your Honour knoweth," he told Cecil on one occasion, "that I love not to promise things uncertain, and *that* maketh me to write less in this behalf than I see likelihood shall follow." But Maitland, as we shall find by-and-by, was firmly convinced that if the English government had left the Scots to settle their own affairs, the conspiracies against Mary would have failed. The Scottish anarchy, in which she went down, was Cecil's work. His incurable animosity was fatal.

I have said that the union of the kingdoms was the keynote of Maitland's policy; peace as the means, union as the end. For ten years at least — say from 1559 to 1569 — there is hardly a letter in which the arguments for a close friendship between the nations and their rulers are not pressed home, — with this condition always that the terms of the accord shall not be dishonorable to Scotland. "Your Honour doth know that the mark I always do shoot at is the union of these kingdoms in a perpetual friendship. There is no good in my opinion to be wrought that doth not tend to that end. Now I begin to learn what misery it is for a man to bear a great burden of the common affairs; but I am so far proceeded that forwards I must go." The siege of Leith was in progress at the time this letter was written; and the stout resistance of the handful of French soldiers had begun to dishearten the allies. But Maitland would not listen to any craven counsel; for he was satisfied that unless the French were removed, and the realm governed by born Scotsmen, union was impossible. "I am not ignorant how great a burden your Honour doth sustain in these our matters, but since they be so far proceeded, there is no back-going, and therefore I pray your Honour faint not, but go through. I doubt not we shall be shortly at an end. In matters of such consequence, I would not wish we were too scrupulous." He is careful to assure Cecil that the English are very popular with their allies: "I am

assured the people never bare so good affection to any nation as they presently bear to the English." It was only because it would lead to union that he favored the Arran marriage. He would rather, he confessed, that the negotiations had been opened more secretly. "Yet did I rejoice to see the whole Estates, although in other points of divers opinions, yet with one uniform consent so earnestly wish the consummation of that matter that I well perceive it is the only mean to join us in an indissoluble union." But Cecil received the proposal with marked disfavor, and Maitland's rather frigid logic (he knew that the match was impossible) failed to convince either Elizabeth or her minister. "You know the purpose for which our Ambassadors come to England, wherein though I have ever found you cold, and that you shifted the matter as one unwilling to talk much in it; yet can I not persuade myself that (being so wise and so well affected towards your country as I know you to be) you do altogether dislike it. It may be that you be entered in a worse opinion of this country upon the late sight you have had of a part of it, seeing the wealth of the same nothing like to your realm; yet am I sure you have sufficiently considered that the lack of wealth doth not proceed from the ground itself, or sterility of the soil, but of other occasions, which be accidents. A realm being years together destitute of constant government, the Princess a minor and furth of her realm, so long in a continual war, and for the most part of the time oppressed with strangers, besides many other incommodities, you may imagine if it have good cause to be very wealthy." Other nations indeed might be richer, yet was their friendship less precious to England "in that God by creation of the world hath granted to us a prerogative above all nations that they with all their riches are not able to purchase."

When early in 1561 the ambassadors who had been sent to treat for the marriage returned from England, they found the whole situation changed. Francis was dead, and Arran had been refused by Elizabeth. "I see men here will begin to make court to the Queen our Sovereign more than they were wont to do, and press to put themselves in her good grace; yet I fear not but the most part will keep touch with you, whereof I offer myself not only as a mean to do what I can, but also in recognaisance of the great friendship I have found at your hands." In his next letter, Maitland excuses himself for his

long silence, — things were so perplexed that he had abstained from writing until he could give Cecil some more resolute advertisement. "Things now grow towards a conclusion. First, in matters of religion many things are determined for the policy of the Church, and order taken for establishing of religion universally, something more vehement than I, for my opinion, at another time would have allowed." But the "vehemence" might be useful if it brought the two nations more closely together, and prevented the Congregation from being over-confident. "The king's death is commonly taken for a great benefit of God's providence, yet durst I never greatly rejoice at it. The security thereof hath lulled us asleep. The fear of strangers is for the present taken away." The nation, he added, was turning to Mary, and the lord James was to be sent to "grope her mind." Though "zealous in religion, and one of the precise Protestants," the queen's brother was the most likely ambassador to gain her confidence. The object of the legation was to ascertain "whether she can be content to repose her whole confidence upon her subjects or not." "Though I fear many simple men shall be carried away with vain hope, and brought a bed with fair words, yet if my Lord James can fully persuade her to trust her own subjects, I will enter in some courage." In a later letter he describes the views of the various factions, — he himself obviously inclined to the moderate party, which held that Mary should be invited to return, "provided that she neither bring with her force, neither yet counsel of strangers." Many were anxious, now that the Arran marriage had fallen through, that the old league with France should be renewed, — the amity of England, to which they were joined by "a dry marshe," not being assured. For his own part, he was confident that, unless Mary could be reconciled to Elizabeth, the intelligence between the two nations could not long continue. "All is as yet calm," he adds, "and shall be, I doubt not, so long as men can be content to be bribed with reason."

I have discussed elsewhere the import of the letters written by Maitland during the anxious weeks that preceded Mary's return. In them, it will be remembered, the necessity for a good understanding between the queens was urgently enforced. The letters that follow are in the same strain. Maitland, as we have seen, was sent to London directly on Mary's arrival to plead for friendly dealing from Eliza-

beth, but Elizabeth was too angry to listen to argument. There was only one road to amity, she said,—the ratification of the Treaty of Edinburgh. "Ratify the treaty; why do you delay to ratify the treaty?" Maitland adroitly avoided a categorical reply; he had no instructions; there had been no time to summon the Estates; the queen was busy. But there can be little doubt that he was even then convinced that, until the clause relating to the succession was modified, Mary's consent ought not to be given. Elizabeth required an absolute renunciation of the Scottish right of succession; the treaty imported as much,—*"in all times coming,"* even in the event of Elizabeth dying without issue, Mary was to refrain from pressing her claim; and to such renunciation neither Maitland nor Moray was prepared to agree. Maitland, however, was still urgent for a friendly understanding,—how urgent may be gathered from the letters that he wrote on his return to the northern capital. The "tender amity" of the cousins would lead to "a godly accord" between the realms. "If by the means of us two," he told Cecil, "such a communication may be procured, we shall be esteemed happy instruments for our countries. I know how unwilling you be to enter in matters of so great consequence, yet when you shall consider what surety, quietness, and commodity this motion importeth to the Queen our Sovereign and your native country, I suppose you will be bold to utter frankly your opinion in it. God hath by times offered many means of a godly conjunction. By what providence it hath chanced that none hath taken effect as yet I cannot tell. *This* hath most likelihood to come to pass, is grounded upon equity, and is such as neither party can thereby think himself aggrieved. Surely if this shall be overthrown, as others have been heretofore, it may be judged that God is not pleased with us, and wills that one of us shall ever be a plague to the other. Let us do our duty," he concludes, "and commit the success to God."

The urgency of Maitland contrasts strikingly with Cecil's coldness. The one is eagerly pressing forward; the other is warily holding back. Maitland never wearies in his determination to bring the queens together; he records every flattering speech that Mary makes; he beseeches Elizabeth to write often and with her own hand. "I see her Majesty in nothing doth like more than often to visit and be visited by letters of such as she does love." If

Cecil will not be frank, if he will continue to speak in "parables," Maitland will address himself directly to his mistress. But he cannot believe that the English secretary is hostile. "Weary not by your credit to continue the amity begun. You never did anything more worthy of yourself, nor more worthy of praise in the sight of God and men." For his own part, he admits that there is nothing on earth that he desires more than their friendship. "I trust your Lordship believeth that with all my heart I do wish those two Princesses to be joined in tender friendship, and indeed it is the earthly thing I most earnestly call to God for." On the same day he wrote to Cecil again urging him to use his friendly offices with Elizabeth. "Persuade her Majesty to take occasion sometimes to write with her own hand. Be the letters never so short, or of small moment, yet will her Highness much esteem them coming from that place. We be here in a corner of the world, separated as it were from the society of men, and so do not every day hear what others are doing abroad in the world."

The correspondence during the next year—1562—is continued in the same strain,—though a distinctly sharper tone is at times perceptible. Much of it relates to the proposed interview. While anxious that it should take place without delay, the danger of an unfriendly or ineffectual meeting is strongly insisted on by Maitland. His own responsibility was great. "The matter between the Queens be such as may not be communicated to many, so as I am enforced to take upon myself only the whole advising of my Mistress in those causes, without the assistance of others, having none in a manner with whom I dare freely confer, but only my Lord James." "As to me, ever since I entered in any trade of public actions, I have ever been a minister of peace, and always bent myself that way as a thing in my judgment pleasing God and most profitable to both realms." He implores Cecil to be frank. "Write to me your mind as I do. We shoot both at one scope, which is the union of the isle, and therefore it is not convenient that we should deal together as strangers. I pray you," he repeats, "write plainly and directly unto me." A fortnight later he is still more emphatic. The interview would be good and comfortable to all were it brought to a good end, "but (which God forbid) if it should fall out amiss, as it is likely to dissolve the mutual good intelli-

gence, and endanger the peace, so shall it not fail greatly to discredit those who have been its chief promoters." Was it likely to be brought to a good end or would it fall out amiss? That was a question which Cecil only could answer, and Cecil spoke in parables. "Now I will merely complain of you to yourself. You write always to me parables, at least brief and dark sentences, and you have experience of my simplicity. Janus sum non Ædipus. I would be glad that you should utter yourself unto me more plainly."

A letter, written on the last day of February, is, as a vindication of his own consistency, as a statement of the principles on which he was acting, more than usually interesting. He is about to come to London. "I see the Queen my mistress will employ none there but me, although I would be glad, and have earnestly pressed the contrary; but I come no speed." He had many enemies who would at once take advantage of any misadventure. "All these dangers shall not stay me, if I may have any assurance from you that good is like to come of my labor. If you will go no further with me, if you will but write this, — '*Come: you shall be welcome,*' I will boldly proceed, always trusting that you will be loth to see me employed in a negotiation of which no good is like to follow. You have always been a father unto me, and whatsoever good luck shall fall unto me is due unto you. Achieve that you have begun, and maintain that you have already made. I am thought here to be one of your creatures. I will never disavow it. Rather than that the amity betwixt these realms I have so long and so many ways travelled in, be not brought to pass, I shall give a shrewd venture. I trust God will prosper all works that be laid on so just a foundation, and I have in a manner consecrat myself to the Commonwealth. The uniting of this isle in friendship hath in my conceit been a scope whereat I have long shot, and whereunto all my actions have been directed these five or six years. I pressed it in Queen Mary's days, although frustrate in the Queen your mistress's time many and divers ways, *and ever as one occasion doth fail me I begin to shuffle the cards of new, always keeping the same rounds.* I shall not weary so long as any hope remaineth."

After the interview had been definitively abandoned, the correspondence between the ministers slackened. In the beginning of 1563 we find Maitland at-

tributing the cessation of their intercourse to some "hidden mystery," and intimating that he would trouble Cecil no longer with letters, but content himself with the Italian proverb, *Quello che è da esser non può mancar*. He proceeds to point out that while the Scottish Borders were in such order "as the like was not seen in any age heretofore," there were continual broils upon the English side. "For other news," he concludes, "all things (praised be God) be in good quietness, and no alteration at all, neither in the outward appearance, nor yet the inward affections." There can be no doubt indeed (it may be said in passing) that during the early years of Mary's reign the hitherto distracted country enjoyed a singular measure of prosperity and peace, and that the moderation of the queen, the wisdom of her minister, had won in a quite unusual measure the confidence of the people.

The tranquillity was short-lived; it was destined to be rudely and wantonly interrupted.

I have now completed what I have to say upon the Cecil-Maitland correspondence in so far as it throws light upon Maitland's policy of conciliation; but there are two letters which, in connection with the succession controversy and Mary's renunciation of her title under the Treaty of Edinburgh, are extremely instructive, and which no student of the political situation can afford to disregard. One of them is signed by Mary; but it may be safely assumed that both were written by Maitland.

The first is dated 7th October, 1561. It is from Maitland to Cecil.

Although he had received three letters from Cecil, he had forborne to write — Maitland explained — until Mary had answered the message from Elizabeth sent by Sir Peter Mewtas. That answer having been despatched, and being of such a sort as to satisfy Elizabeth, he was now able to give his own opinion boldly. "I find in the Queen my mistress a good disposition to quietness, but I see therewithall joined a careful regard to her own estate, and such a courage as will be loth to forego her right. If the Queen's highness your Sovereign will be conformable, she may assure her own estate, have the Queen my mistress to be a trusty and dear friend to her, and put the whole subjects of the isle in a happy estate. God forbid that anything should impede so good a work! It will be easily espied who shall have the better of the bargain. Your gain

shall be assured and in your hand; ours only in possibility. You have a great present advantage, and we only a future contingent. If either by act of Parliament or later will of Henry VIII. anything hath been done derogatory to the Queen my mistress's interest, I pray you consider what injury has been done to us, and how just cause we have to ask redress of it. It doth appear by the contract of marriage, and is true, that Queen Margaret was married to King James IV., my Sovereign's grandfather, as eldest lawful daughter of King Henry VII.; and by your own histories it doth appear that he meant not by the same marriage to debar her, or the issue of her body, from the succession of his crown perpetually, but rather the flat contrary. I remember the Queen's majesty said to me that the like was never demanded of any prince, — his heir-apparent to be declared in his own time. That would have appeared somewhat reasonable if the succession had remained untouched according to the law; but whereas by a limitation men have gone about to prevent the providence of God, and shift one in the place due to another, then can the party offended do no less than seek the reformation thereof. And for my opinion it is honorable for the Queen's highness your Sovereign to determine certainly the succession of the Crown in her own time rather than to suffer it thus to hang in suspense. For princes be as fathers to their country; and what father, seeing clearly that his sons will contend for his inheritance, will not rather himself appoint the differens? The Queen my mistress is descended of the blood of England, and so of the race of the Lion on both sides. I fear she would rather be content to hazard all than forego her right. I pray you, if it be possible, let no little difficulty frustrate both realms of so great a benefit as is to be looked for by conjunction of these two Princesses. The danger of recourse which the discontented subjects of your realm might have to the heir-apparent, if any were determined, is no sufficient reason in my judgment to defeat so good a purpose. No matter excellent, or of great moment, can be clear of all difficulties; yet might such security be devised as might clear that danger."

Maitland was mistaken in assuming that Mary's answer would satisfy Elizabeth. Elizabeth wrote to Mary in November, in a somewhat peremptory strain, desiring to know the reasons why she still delayed to ratify the treaty. Maitland thereupon advised Mary to defer her answer until he

had had an opportunity of consulting Cecil, with whom he had often and amply discussed the question. "What be the impediment why her Majesty ratifieth not the Treaty you can well enough judge. You know how prejudicial it is to her highness, and what interest she may pretend. I will, after my accustomed manner, deal frankly with you. Who can advise her Majesty, being so nigh of the blood of England, to do that which shall make her, as it were, a stranger to it?" If, however, Mary were recognized as the successor, on the failure of Elizabeth's issue, she would consent to anything that might tend to the honor and security of Elizabeth. Such was his confidence in Cecil that, subject to this condition, he would follow whatever course he advised; and Mary would not reply until his advice had been received.

No answer being returned by Cecil, on the 5th of January, 1562, Mary addressed herself to Elizabeth. She was surprised to learn, she said, that the English queen had not been satisfied with her assurances. Her meaning was sincere, just, and upright, and the words were temperate. She had wished the Treaty of Edinburgh to be revised by English and Scottish commissioners. Elizabeth had asked her to communicate either through Randolph or directly by letter. She preferred the latter course, and "the memory of all former strange accidents" being on her part clean extinguished, will deal with her with perfect frankness, as becomes two sisters whose firm amity has not been shaken. She will not touch upon the circumstances under which the treaty was passed, or the sufficiency of the commissioners of those who negotiated it; but she will go at once to the main question. "How prejudicial that Treaty is to such title and interest as by birth and natural descent of your own lineage may fall to us, by inspection of the Treaty itself you may easily perceive; and how slenderly a matter of such great consequence is wrapt up in obscure terms. We know how near we are descended of the blood of England, and what devices have been attempted to make us as it were a stranger to it. We trust, being so near your cousin, that you would be loth we should receive so manifest an injury. In so far as the Treaty concerns us, we are content to do all that of reason may be required of us, or rather to enter into a new of such substance as may stand without our own prejudice, in favor of you and the lawful issue of your body; provided always that our interest to that crown,

failing of yourself and the lawful issue of your body, may therewithal be put in good surety; which matter being in this sort knit up betwixt us, and the whole seeds of dissention taken up by the root," a great and firm amity might be established.

It does not appear that the letter had the desired effect. Elizabeth did not reply, and Cecil protested that Maitland was "partial" to Mary, and was dealing only for "profit." "There is good reason," Maitland answered with spirit, "why, of all her subjects, I should love and honor her Majesty; yet can I not perceive in this case any point wherein I have uttered my affection or inclined the balance more on the one side than the other; unless, if the matter be narrowly looked to, some might think I am too negligent on her part, whose honor I am bound in duty most to respect. *You* are witness of all my actions in it, and can best judge if I have not ever had the common quietness of the whole isle chiefly before my eyes." What had been proposed, indeed, was more advantageous to Elizabeth than to Mary. "Your game is assured and present; ours but in possibility and altogether uncertain, *et quodammodo spes inanis, pendens a futuro eventu*, wherein there is in a manner no likelihood, your sovereign being young, and apt to bear children, if her mind were disposed to marry." And, except in the sense that "the common quietness" would be profitable to both realms, it could not be said with any justice that he sought amity for "profit" only.

I should have fancied that the import of these and similar letters could not have been misunderstood. But Maitland's apologist has mountains of prejudice to remove; and the part he took, as representing Mary, in the prolonged controversy regarding the ratification of the Treaty of Edinburgh and the succession, has been persistently misrepresented. It may be prudent, therefore, to state with the utmost precision the pleas which his advocate is entitled to prefer. They are these:—

1. *That if the Treaty of Edinburgh contained an absolute renunciation of the Scottish right of succession, Maitland, on behalf of Mary, was justified in refusing to ratify it.*

[About this proposition there can hardly be any difference of opinion. Those who insist that Mary was bound to ratify must hold that the words of the treaty did not infer an absolute renunciation.]

2. *That, in the opinion of the English and Scottish ministers, the words of the*

treaty amounted to an absolute renunciation.

[It is enough to refer to Cecil's letter of 14th July, 1561 (in which he informs Throckmorton that the possibility of an accord on the footing of admitting Mary's interest in "default of heirs of Elizabeth's body," had been mooted as "a matter secretly thought of"), and to Moray's of 6th August, 1561, addressed to Elizabeth,—both written before Mary's return. Moray, after pointing out that Mary will "think it hard, being so nigh of the blood of England, so to be made a stranger from it," suggests, as an admissible solution, the compromise to which Cecil had alluded. "What inconvenience were it (if your Majesty's title did remain untouched, as well for yourself as the issue of your body) to provide that to the Queen my sovereign her own place were reserved to the crown of England, which your Majesty will pardon me if I take to be, by the law of all nations, as she that is next in lawful descent of the right line of King Henry the Seventh, your grandfather; and in the mean time this isle to be united in a perpetual friendship?"*]

3. *That Maitland's proposal that the treaty should be revised with the view of saving the Scottish right of succession, in the event of Elizabeth dying without issue, was entirely reasonable; and that its reasonableness was ultimately admitted by the English ministers.*

[Elizabeth's instructions to the Earl of Bedford, when sent to Scotland to be present at the baptism of Mary's son, the future James VI., dated 7th November, 1566, contains these words: "And as yourself knows how we sent you to France to that Queen, to require the confirmation of the Treaty of Edinburgh, and the same being since deferred, upon account of some words therein prejudicial to the Queen's right and title, our meaning is to require nothing to be confirmed in that Treaty but that which directly appertains to us and our children, omitting anything in that Treaty that may be prejudicial to her title, as next heir after us and our children; all which may be secured by a

* Moray to Elizabeth, 6th August, 1561. This is one of the rare cases in which Mr. Froude's abstract of a letter is imperfect and misleading. Moray asks, "What inconvenience were it? (obviously suggesting that there would be none) whereas Mr. Froude makes him write, 'Inconvenient were it,'—adding, 'The inconvenience of which Lord James spoke would in all likelihood have been her immediate assassination'—vi. 353. This reading is obviously erroneous; could the lord James have suggested "a midway" to Elizabeth ("if any midway could be picked out to remove this difference to both your contentments") which would inevitably have led to her "immediate assassination"?

new treaty between us." And she proceeds to declare "that she will neither do nor attempt, nor suffer to be attempted, anything derogatory to Mary's title to be next heir after us and our children." in the articles delivered to Mary by Cecil and Mildmay four years later, it was stipulated that Mary should confirm the clause in the Treaty of Edinburgh, or the true meaning thereof, for her forbearing from all manner of titles, challenges, or pretences to the crown of England (not, be it observed, "in all times coming," as the clause ran, but) "whilst the Queen's Majesty or any issue to come of her body shall live and have continuance; with provision for the Queen of Scots that thereby she shall not be secluded from any right or title that she or her children may hereafter have, if God shall not give to the Queen's Majesty any issue of her body to have continuance." The article, as amended by Mary, was agreed to. Other references might be given; but these are sufficient to show that Elizabeth and Cecil were latterly ready to admit that Maitland's contention was well founded.]

4. *That the failure to arrive at an accord was due to the double-dealing of Elizabeth, and not to Mary's bad faith.*

But the arguments on which this proposition proceeds cannot be properly appreciated until the circumstances attending Mary's marriage have been described.

We have arrived at the beginning of the year 1564. By that time, through Maitland's urgency, the marriage negotiations had made considerable progress. Mary Stuart was the greatest match of the day, — queen of Scotland, dowager of France, there was no alliance to which she might not aspire. Her hand, indeed, was being eagerly competed for by half the princes in Europe, — France, Spain, Austria, Sweden, being each in the field. But as a foreign marriage would have been regarded with displeasure by the English government, Mary, on Maitland's advice, *conditionally* undertook for the satisfaction of Elizabeth, to accept an English or Scottish noble. The condition was to the effect that in the event of Elizabeth dying without issue, Mary should be declared her heir.

Cecil, as we have seen, had all along been passively obstructive; he had declared against the interview; he had delayed the settlement of the succession; he had spoken in parables. Although the form of the controversy had by this time changed, the same dilatory pleas continued to be put forward. Elizabeth trifled

about Mary's marriage as she trifled about her own. She lured Mary on with promises which she did not mean to keep. She led Mary to understand that if her advice about the marriage was followed, Mary's desire for recognition would, in one form or other, be gratified.

I am by no means sure that, even with the ample materials now available, we know the whole truth. It is difficult to unravel these tortuous intrigues. There is a sudden and mysterious change in the attitude of several of the leading actors which I do not think has been entirely explained. But some time before the close of 1564, there are indications that Cecil was becoming actively aggressive. He appears to have felt that the opportunity for which he had waited had at length arrived. The diplomatic farce had been played out, and he could, with such decent reservations as might be prudent, show his hand to his Scottish confederates. Of Knox and the Knoxians he was sure; there had already been misunderstandings between Moray and Maitland and Moray and Mary which might be used to detach James Stuart from his sister's side.

The apple of discord was found in Darnley. Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, was the great-grandson of Henry VII. Margaret Tudor, a year after Flodden was fought, had married the Earl of Angus, by whom she had one daughter, and this daughter was Darnley's mother. There were doubts about Margaret Douglas's legitimacy; it was said that Angus had been contracted to Lady Traquair, and that the subsequent marriage with Margaret Tudor was irregular, if not invalid. Cecil was nothing loath to utilize any plea of the kind when it would serve his turn; but the objection was never seriously pressed, and Darnley was everywhere recognized — with special cordiality by the great Catholic houses — as the lawful cousin of Mary and Elizabeth. The Lennox Stuarts were themselves closely related to the reigning family; so that on either side the descent was illustrious; than the young Lord Darnley — for he was only a lad of eighteen — no noble with more of the royal blood of Scotland and England in his veins was to be found in either realm. The Hamiltons, if Mary left no child, would inherit the crown; but the legitimacy of the Hamiltons was as open a question with the curious in genealogies as the legitimacy of the Stuarts; and in spite of a great political and territorial position, they were nowhere popular. From every point of view — save one —

Henry Stuart was a desirable *parti*. The exception indeed was serious. Though tall and handsome in person, his mind was feeble, his moral nature undisciplined, his temper intractable and uncertain. Lennox, who had fled to England when Arran went over to France, had been in exile now for more than twenty years. The Scottish earl, in fact, had become an English subject; he had married in England, his children had been born in England, his estates were in England. Although his relations with the English court, which during Mary Tudor's time had been exceptionally cordial, had become strained, if not unfriendly, on Elizabeth's accession, his eldest son, as the nearest prince of the blood, was already a familiar figure at Greenwich and Westminster. "Yet you like better of yonder long lad," Elizabeth said to Melville when Robert Dudley was made an earl. The "long lad" was the young Henry Stuart.

To unravel the tangled skein of Elizabeth's intrigues is, as I have said, no easy matter. It is possible that her tortuous policy was not consistently pursued; she lived, so to speak, from hand to mouth; and she was not restrained by any fastidious scruples, by any weak regard for appearances, from turning her back on herself. In these circumstances, any show of dogmatism, any over-confidence, ill becomes the historian; and I cannot venture to affirm that the explanation which I suggest is more than reasonably probable. The view I take is this: the policy of procrastination being in the mean time no longer admissible (for neither Mary nor Maitland would consent to further delay), it became Elizabeth's cue to fan the smouldering embers of Scottish disaffection into a flame; and she may have shrewdly calculated that between Robert Dudley and Henry Stuart some cause of quarrel, some ground of offence, was sure to be found. This much at least may be asserted with tolerable confidence; if Mary during these negotiations was not forced into an utterly false position, it was not the fault of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth's conduct (except perhaps on the plea that the law of self-preservation overrides every other), admits of no excuse. She allowed Lennox to return to Scotland, and warmly recommended him to the good offices of Mary; a little later Darnley received permission to follow his father to the Scottish court; he had barely crossed the Border when the Scottish queen was informed with almost insulting directness that even if she condescended

to marry Leicester (the English noble selected by Elizabeth), her claim to the English succession would not be admitted. We need not wonder that in these circumstances it should have been the general impression that the marriage with Dudley had never been seriously contemplated by Elizabeth, and that Darnley was sent north to woo, if not to win, his cousin.

The conviction that Elizabeth was acting in bad faith appears to have been universal at the time. Her own ministers did not believe that she would resign the one man by whom her heart had been touched. All the contemporary writers were of opinion that her indignation at Mary's choice of Darnley was simulated. Melville, who was much employed in England at the time, expressly says: "The queen of England began to suspect that the marriage with Leicester might take effect. Her apprehension of this occasioned the Lord Darnley his getting more readily license to come to Scotland in hope that he, being a handsome lusty youth, should rather prevail being present, than Leicester who was absent. Which license was procured by means of Secretary Cecil, not that he was minded that any of the marriages should take effect, but with such shifts to hold the queen unmarried as long as he could." Knox writes to the same effect. "In her heart Queen Elizabeth was not angry at this marriage; for she thought that the Scots Queen being married to one of inferior rank, would be less proud." Buchanan, Castelnau, Randolph, Sir James Balfour, Lady Lennox, were all confident that the marriage was secretly favored by Elizabeth; and the testimony of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, who had been sent to Scotland to declare her displeasure, is still more conclusive. He warned Cecil that it was of the utmost importance for the success of his negotiation that the real opinion of the English Council should not be known in Scotland. "I should be sorry if any one coming out of England should be able to give this Queen intelligence that her proceedings with Lord Darnley are not so ill taken there by her Majesty and her Council as in all my negotiations I *pretended*; for that would much hinder the purpose the Queen would be at." "The purpose Elizabeth would be at" — whatever that purpose might be — would be hindered, Throckmorton believed, by her duplicity being exposed.

It may be argued, indeed, that Elizabeth, in covertly promoting the Darnley marriage, was acting unwisely, and against

her own interest. It rather appears to me, however, that a policy which Cecil approved must have had something to recommend it. Mary, if she married Darnley, could not marry Leicester. Though it is true that Elizabeth (so far as we can see) had no sincere intention of parting with her lover, yet, if Mary was driven into rejecting him, his dismissal might be construed into an affront. On the pretext, moreover, that Mary had failed to implement her promise to marry the English nobleman selected by Elizabeth, the negotiations regarding the succession (which had been growing inconveniently pressing) might be definitely closed. Then it was by no means improbable that a Lennox marriage might set Scotland in a blaze. The two great feudal houses of Hamilton and Douglas would regard such an alliance with not unnatural jealousy. There was an old blood-feud between the Hamiltons and the Stuarts. Chatelherault was meantime the heir-apparent to the throne, but his title would no doubt be set aside if Darnley were made king. Morton was the guardian of his nephew the youthful Earl of Angus — an influential and lucrative office; but if the Lennox proscription were annulled, the claims of the Lady Margaret Douglas would become formidable. She was the rightful heir, and it could at least be plausibly maintained that the honors and estates of Archibald Douglas had lawfully vested in his daughter. Knox and the "precise Protestants" were ready to rise at any moment, and the queen's marriage with a nobleman who was said to be a Papist, and who was certainly not a "precise Protestant," would furnish a colorable apology for rebellion.

Through this difficult country — where pitfalls abounded — Lethington had to travel as best he might. It was becoming more obvious to him every day that, in the present temper of the English government, the close alliance between the queens on which he had counted could not be secured. The offer of Dudley had been received by him with incredulity, — the worthless minion of Elizabeth could be no fit match for his mistress. It was little better than an insult indeed to limit Mary's choice to the "scoundrel" of whom Cecil, remembering the suspicions attaching to Amy Robsart's marriage and death, had written: "*Nuptiæ carnales à lætitiâ incipient et in luctu terminantur.*" Maitland would probably have preferred a royal alliance for his mistress; he saw the Spanish ambassador when in London, during the summer of 1564, and there was some

talk of Don Carlos. But the risks were too great, and Lethington, from this time forward, if I am not mistaken, favored Darnley's suit. A far-seeing statesman like Maitland must have instinctively recognized that in many ways a marriage, which would conciliate the rivalries and consolidate the claims of those who were descended from Margaret Tudor, would be highly politic. He was probably led to believe, like the rest of the world, that such a union would not be disagreeable to Elizabeth. He had no reason to suppose that it would be displeasing to Moray. Knox, he knew, would be hostile; but Knox's hostility was to be counted on in any case. The weakness and violence of Darnley's character had not yet been offensively manifested, and altogether there was much to recommend the match.

Moray was still the close ally of Maitland. Up to the close of 1564 they continued, as we know, to work cordially together. There had been temporary misunderstandings, it is true; but these had been cleared up; and there was nothing to show that any radical divergence of opinion had been established. Moray had been as confident as Maitland that the return of Lennox would be attended with no danger to the English alliance or to religion. How then are we to explain his precipitate desertion to the enemy? his sudden animosity to Darnley? his frantic alarm for religion? Moray, as I have said before, had little original or independent force; at one time he was led by Maitland, at another by Knox, at another by Morton; it would rather appear that now — the gift of the earldom having been duly ratified by the Estates — Knox was regaining the ascendancy which he had lost. Cecil, moreover, had become of late more distinctly averse to the policy of conciliation. Yet these circumstances are insufficient to explain altogether the sudden change of front; there must have been besides some obscure Elizabethan intrigue, of which no trace has been recovered. Moray's apologists have admitted that he was not unaffected by the last infirmity of noble minds; and his enemies did not hesitate to affirm that he was as inordinately greedy of money as of power. To either of these frailties the appeal may have been directed; but that he sincerely held, when he took up arms against his sister, that liberty and religion were in imminent peril, I do not, for my part, believe.

Maitland was very active during the anxious months that preceded the mar-

riage. He must have appreciated, as we have seen, the political advantages of the Lennox alliance; and the bent of his inclination may be gathered from occasional allusions in Randolph's letters. "The Queen undertakes to end the quarrel between the Duke and the Earl of Lennox, whose name Lethington is now supposed to favor from the love he beareth to Mary Fleming." "Some there are that would I should believe that he liketh better of Lord Darnley than any other." "The Queen maketh no word of Darnley; yet many suppose it concluded in her heart, and Maitland is wholly bent that way." "Lord Ruthven is wholly theirs. Maitland is suspected to favor the Queen and Darnley more than he would seem; and yet he is not trusted by them," he adds, although the fact to which he proceeds to refer—"Lennox being in great want of money borrowed five hundred crowns from Maitland"—would seem, on the contrary, to imply very confidential relations. The Lennox faction, it need not be doubted, had done their utmost to secure Maitland's adhesion. The Cumbernauld Flemings were the natural allies of the Lennox Stuarts; after the marriage, Lord Fleming, "now in principal credit with our young king," was made chamberlain; and Mary Fleming, to whom Maitland was already devoted, was possibly induced to use her influence with her lover. It was rumored, indeed, that as early as 1562 Maitland had been in communication with the Lady Margaret Douglas; she had sent him by Melville a watch set with rubies and diamonds; and we know that Lennox himself on his arrival in Scotland gave the secretary "a very fair diamond in a ring." These judicious courtesies were gracefully acknowledged when Maitland delivered the "oration" to the Estates on the occasion of Lennox's restoration. He had been commanded by Mary, he said, to take the chancellor's place, and to state somewhat more at large the reasons which induced her to comply with the queen of England's desire that the earl should be restored to his honors and estates. Many respects would have inclined her to accede to the request, as the antiquity of his house, the surname he bears, his close affinity to herself, the affectionate urgency of Elizabeth, whose earnest commendation had not been of least moment; but besides that, he continued, the queen was naturally inclined to pity the decline of noble houses, and had far more pleasure in advancing the ancient blood than in witnessing the decay and overthrow of any good

race. Then with a compliment to the gentle nature and prudent government which had brought about their present felicity—"peace with all foreign nations, and quietness among ourselves in such sort that it might be truly affirmed that in living memory Scotland had never been in greater tranquillity"—he concluded by exhorting them to give no heed to false bruits and rumors, which were the most pestilent evils that could afflict a commonwealth.

Yet Maitland, though he favored Darnley, was prepared to take Leicester on one condition,—the recognition of Mary's title. Both Mary and Maitland, from the first, had been sufficiently plain-spoken, "Now think you, Master Randolph," the queen had said, addressing the English envoy, "that it will be honorable in me to debase my state and marry one of her subjects? Is this conformable to her promise to use me as a daughter or a sister?" Maitland had expressed himself in similar terms; and their repugnance to an unworthy alliance had never been disguised. But if by means of Leicester the Scottish succession could be assured, both Mary and Maitland, it is probable, would have accepted Elizabeth's terms. Maitland, however, was not to be satisfied with parables; he must know where he stood; and Cecil's assurances were studiously ambiguous. He implored him to be frank. "If a conjunction be really meant, I doubt not but you will find conformity enough on our part; but if time be always driven without further effect than hath yet followed, I am of opinion he shall in the end think himself most happy who hath least meddled in the matter. Gentle letters, good words, and pleasant messages, be good means to begin friendship among princes; but I take them to be too slender bands to hold it fast. In these great causes between our sovereigns I have ever found that fault with you, that as in your letters you always wrote obscurely, so in private communications you seldom uttered your own judgment; you might well *academico more* dispute in *utranque partem*, leaving me in suspense to collect what I could. Marry," he concludes somewhat bitterly, after hinting that he will be driven to adopt a like reserve, "I fear the common affairs do not fare a whit the better for our too great wariness."

Cecil, however, could not afford to be frank, for Elizabeth was still trifling with Mary; of that there can be now no doubt. But her own position was sufficiently embarrassing,—each step only leading her

further into the mire. Out of the "labyrinth" into which she had wandered, there was at last indeed no "outgait" that she could see. Cecil had been ailing, and she wrote to him in dire perplexity. "In ejusmodi laberintho posita sum de responso meo reddendo Reginae Scotiae, ut nescio quomodo illi satisfaciam, quum neque toto isto tempore illi ullum responsum dederim, nec quid mihi dicendum nunc sciam. Invenias igitur aliquid boni quod in mandatis scriptis Randoll dare possem, et in hac causa tuam opinionem mihi indica." What was she to say? Could Cecil invent some excuse? She was at her wits' end. The secret conference at Berwick — where Maitland and Moray were pitted against Bedford and Randolph — only increased the irritation. Cecil had anticipated that it "would not succeed," and on receiving Randolph's report, he wrote the violent letter of the advocate who, feeling that he has no case, prudently takes the initiative, and abuses his adversary. "What is to be thought of their conduct in the late Conference at Berwick? Surely my Lord of Lethington knows how to make a bargain. As they mean now to fall roundly to work, so will we also. The Queen was loth to meddle in their sovereign's marriage; but being required, she gave her advice, and named a noble gentleman, noble in all qualities requisite, and comparable to any prince born; and now they must have the establishment of their Queen's title as second to her Majesty." Randolph informed Cecil that "the two Lords had been worked up into great agonies and passions" by his insulting message; but there is no trace of bitterness in Maitland's dignified reply. Cecil might in fewer lines, he observed, have comprehended matter more to their contentation. They were unwilling to give their sovereign advice to do that which might be dishonorable and unsafe. Cecil had said that he would write plainly; but there were in his letter as many ambiguities as words; and until these were cleared up, no progress could be made. The official letter was temperate; the confidential letter which accompanied it was still more conciliatory. "The matter itself hath not so many difficulties, but you may soon remove them all if you list." How honorable were it, he writes a month later, how honorable were it for them both, if thus the union of the kingdoms could be compassed! Their fame would outshine that which attached to the men who had most valiantly served Edward in the conquest,

and Robert the Bruce in the recovery of the country. But Maitland was eloquent and urgent in vain; the news from Scotland had apparently reassured Elizabeth; Moray was wavering, Chatelherault was in a panic, Knox and his friends were ready to rise. The time had come, she thought, when — Leicester or no Leicester — she could dictate her own terms; and at last there was abundance of plain-speaking. She had not yet made up her mind, she said, whether she would marry or not. She must decline to recognize the Queen of Scots as second person, or to take any measures to settle the succession; meantime she could only say that if Mary would marry Leicester and listen to Knox, something might be none for her by and-by. Cecil must have been blind indeed if he did not know that a message couched in these terms would of a certainty drive Mary into Darnley's arms. By a curious, if not suspicious, coincidence, Henry Stuart had by this time "received license from the Secretary to come to Scotland," and was now in attendance at Holyrood.

Mary did not disappoint the expectations of Elizabeth. She was bitterly mortified by the message; there were rumors in the palace of vehement "commotion;" for a day and night her passion was extreme. Maitland, who felt that the friendship of the queens was wrecked, could not counsel any further delay. The queen must marry; and by accident or of design, Elizabeth and Cecil had directed all eyes to Darnley. As Darnley's first night in Scotland had been spent at Lethington, Maitland, we may presume, was still anxious to be friendly. It was otherwise with Moray. His feud with Knox had been healed. He was again "suspected to be led by England." The rumors, so persistent at every crisis, that he aimed at the crown, were again in the air. He had given Cecil to understand during the previous summer that Lennox might be permitted to return to Scotland without any danger to the Reformation; now he told his sister that he durst not consent to her marriage with one "who he could not assure himself would set forth Christ's true religion." Although the Proclamation of 1561 had been quite recently renewed, and the severe penalties against the celebration of their rights had been so rigidly enforced that the Ayrshire Catholics had been driven (like the Ayrshire Covenanters a century later by Claverhouse's dragoons) to meet their priests in "secret houses, in barns, in woods, and on hills," Moray

professed to be confident that if the queen married Darnley the Protestants "were undone."

Those who believed that Moray was sincerely alarmed for Protestantism should turn to the correspondence of the previous year to which I have just referred. Knox had written a wild letter to Elizabeth protesting against the return of Lennox. Elizabeth appears to have been impressed by the appeal, and Cecil was directed to suggest to Maitland that Mary's consent to his return might be withdrawn. It was then that Moray as well as Maitland remonstrated with the English ministers. The sudden change in Elizabeth's mind, Maitland wrote, was not a little marvellous to him, "seeing how earnestly her Majesty did recommend unto me my Lord of Lennox's cause and my lady's at my last being in Court; nay, suddenly after I had taken my leave you yourself, at her Majesty's commandment, did send after me by post her letters to the Queen's Majesty, my mistress, very affectionate in their favor, willing me to present the same with recommendation from the Queen. And now, having once, under her great seal, permitted him liberally to come, it will be a hard matter to persuade my mistress to revoke it; and I dare little presume to enter into any such communication with her Majesty, knowing how much she doth respect her honor where promise is once passed, and how unwilling she is to change her deliberations being once resolved; which as she will not do herself, so doth she altogether mislike in others. The religion here doth not depend upon my Lord of Lennox's coming, neither do those of the religion hang upon the sleeves of any one or two that may mislike his coming. For us, whether he come or do not come, I take to be no great matter, up or down." Moray was quite as decided. "As to the faction that his coming might make for the matters of religion, thanks to God our foundation is not so weak that we have cause to fear if he had the greatest subject of this realm joined to him, *seeing we have the favor of our prince, and liberty of conscience in such abundance as our hearts can wish*. It will neither be he nor I, praised be God, can hinder or alter religion here-away; and his coming or remaining in that cause will be to small purpose."

It is hard to believe, with these letters before us, that Moray was in earnest when he opposed the Lennox marriage on the plea that religion was in peril. I am for my part, constrained to believe that the pretence of religion was a mask.

Maitland, however, did not even yet despair of a pacific settlement of the difficulty. He could not bring himself to suspect that Cecil had all along been working for Mary's ruin; and it appeared to him that if Darnley was obnoxious to Elizabeth, and Leicester obnoxious to Mary, some other suitor could be found who might be agreeable to both. He went to England in May, — the object of his mission being, as has generally been supposed, to win Elizabeth's consent at the eleventh hour to the Lennox marriage. But there is an entry in Cecil's diary which gives a different complexion to the negotiations, and which has not hitherto, so far as I know, been noticed by the historians of the period. "May 6. Lethington in England. Treated of Leicester marriage; but he liked it not, but treated for the Duke of Norfolk, which was then refused." *He liked it not; but treated for the Duke of Norfolk.* I conclude from this that Mary up to the beginning of May was not bent upon Darnley, — that, on the contrary, if one of the great English nobles had been acceptable to Elizabeth, she was ready to take him. The secret overture did not succeed; and during Maitland's absence Mary's indignation got the better of her judgment. Her passion boiled over; and on his way home he was met by a messenger from the Scottish court, who brought with him an angry letter from the queen. She would marry where she liked, and would be fed by yea and nay no longer. Lethington was to return to Elizabeth and tell her so to her face. There was to be no more trifling. The letter had obviously been dashed off in a moment of excessive irritation, — "it wanted neither eloquence, despite, anger, love, nor passion." It was accompanied by another more purely personal (such as Mary delighted to address to her favorites); written with her own hand, it was, said Throckmorton, "the most favorable and gentle letter that ever Queen did address to her servant." But Maitland, now seriously alarmed for his mistress's safety, instead of returning to London, hurried on to Alnwick, where he overtook the English envoy. They arrived at Edinburgh together, and Lethington, finding that the court was at Stirling, left Throckmorton in the capital, and went on alone. He was unusually moved. Elizabeth had told him in effect that the Lennox marriage would be taken as a declaration of war. Then there was treason at home, — Knox had been consistently hostile, and even Moray could no

longer be trusted. Was it possible that Mary could weather the storm that was brewing? His remonstrances were not wholly without effect; both Throckmorton and Randolph told Cecil that if Elizabeth were liberal a reasonable "composition" could be effected. But at the English court there was no sincere desire for a composition, — the information from Scotland leading Cecil to believe that Mary was certain to be worsted. The opportunity for which he had waited so long was not to be missed. So, on the 8th of June, Elizabeth, "understanding that by the marriage with Lord Darnley the cause of religion shall be disturbed," instructed Randolph "to encourage all those who were well-minded to preserve the same, and to assure them of her support," — assurances which, during the next four or five months, were constantly repeated. It is said that she gave them good words and good wishes only; but this is a mistake; with unwonted liberality she supplied the funds that they needed. The dogs of war were let loose — not for the first, nor for the last, time — by Elizabeth. During the next eight years, with hardly an interval of quiet, the wretched country, which, as we have seen, had never been more peaceful or prosperous than under Maitland's vigorous, and Mary's "gentle," government, was delivered over to anarchy.

Though Maitland's anxiety for cautious dealing may be approved by the historian, it does not appear to have been well taken by the queen. Randolph asserts that the conduct of public affairs was now committed to Rizzio, and that Lethington had leisure to make love. Whatever the cause, it is tolerably certain that for some months Mary withdrew, or appeared to withdraw, her confidence from Maitland. She may have resented his abrupt return from his English mission. She may have felt that one who had been so closely associated with Moray was not a counsellor who could be intrusted with State secrets when Moray was in the field. The crafty Italian, for his part, may have thought to secure his own place, and enhance his own consequence, by exciting her against her minister. And there could be little in common between the wilful and petulant lad who had been raised by Mary's favor to the giddy eminence which turned his foolish head and the acutest statesman of the age. Lethington continued to act as principal secretary of state; the public duties of the office were duly discharged by him; but there is certainly reason to believe that the close intimacy which had

hitherto been encouraged by the queen was temporarily interrupted. He had felt that the risks she was running were too great; and he had not hesitated to speak his mind.

The risk was great; but intimate as he had been with the queen, he hardly knew as yet the stuff of which she was made. The insurrection was nipped in the bud. The disaffected lords were driven across the Border. Before the end of the autumn Elizabeth was suing for Mary's friendship, and Moray had abjectly besought Rizzio to intercede for him with his sister. It is true that the nation as a whole went with Mary; the country was more prosperous and peaceful than it had been in the memory of living men; and the pretences which had been put forward by "the professors" were too crude and frivolous to mislead. But it was the high spirit of the queen herself, — her daring courage, her readiness, her resource, — that crushed the rebels. Others might doubt and delay; but Mary, with Darnley at her side, was ready for any adventure. "And albeit the most part waxed weary, yet the Queen's courage increased manlike, so much that she was ever with the foremost."

From Good Words.

GEORGE GATONBY'S RETURN TO HILD'S HAVEN.

BY MARY LINSKILL.

AUTHOR OF "THE HAVEN UNDER THE HILL," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

It was an October day, a cold, grey, melancholy day, when at last there came a ray of hope to the cottage on the slope at Thurlsoe.

Susan, who was at home that day, helping her mother to make a little suit of clothes for Walter, opened the door to the weather-worn man, evidently a sailor, who had knocked so loudly, and who stared so strangely when the girl asked him what he wanted. Truth to tell, Susan looked so white and frightened that the poor man did not know what to say, or how to introduce his errand without causing further fear.

"Ah doan't want nothing, miss! Ah've brought ya summat, summat 'at ah was reckonin' on yer bein' glad to see."

Elizabeth had followed her daughter to the door, and now two white timid faces were looking with strained eyes into his. Will Hewick could bear it no longer.

Slowly, and with affected difficulty, he drew a large, ill-folded, much-soiled letter from his pocket, watching mindfully the two pale countenances that seemed to grow even paler while he watched. He could almost see the hunger as it grew, the hope that dared not be hopeful, the fear that seemed as if it were ready on the instant to leap to some terrible certainty.

"It's a letter, ma'am! This is George Gatonby's house, isn't it? Soä they told ma at yon house doon below there."

"A letter!" said the mother, holding out her trembling hand, then withdrawing it in unconscious dread. Susan saw her father's handwriting, clear, strong, firm as ever.

"Come in, mother, come indoors! And you, sir, come in, will you?" Susan begged, leading her mother by the hand to the fireside as she spoke. The stranger, taking off his fur cap, followed respectfully, holding out the letter to Susan.

"Can you bear it, mother?" the girl said, sinking to her knees at her mother's feet, and all forgetful of the stranger. "Can you bear me to read it, or would you rather read it yourself?"

There was no reply. The poor wife stared blankly at the fire, trembling, still pallid. Medical scientists say that there is nothing more likely to cause the real breaking or rending of a human heart than good news too suddenly communicated. The extreme of ill news is less likely to be fatal.

Elizabeth Gatonby did not die. There was a time of blind, painful, effortful strife; then a measure of power came, sufficient to enable her to demand the truth, all the truth. But it was only told to her slowly, gradually. It may be told here in briefer words.

It was a long letter. William Hewick seemed to take pleasure in hearing as much of it read as Susan chose to read in his presence. There was a good deal in it that he knew already; a good deal more that he could confirm, and being a Hild's Haven man, it was a satisfaction to him to take part in this domestic and local drama. It was, later in his life, a portion of a sad but favorite story. Will Hewick was renowned for his stories to the very last.

Will went away presently, after he had had a comfortable tea; and it was not till nearly midnight that the whole of that long and loving and penitent letter was read and understood. For days afterward the faces of Elizabeth Gatonby and her daughter were — I use the word consider-

ately — blistered by the hot tears that fell so long, so unrestrainedly that night.

Every detail was told, recalled, it were better to say, of how George Gatonby left his home that night in a very agony of passion, of pain, of resentment, above all of bitter resentment. He had gone straight to Hild's Haven; had spent the evening at the Moulgrave Arms, in the company of a part of the crew of the *Erl King*, a whaling vessel just about to sail. And after a time he had betrayed to more than one of the men about him the unhappiness that was consuming his very heart, leading him on to try, quite in vain, to drown his misery by drinking. It was a resource to which he was all unaccustomed; and it had not the effect he expected it to have. Instead of deadening his grief, it seemed to increase it, to render him more keenly alive to the memory of every word, every look. With each half-hour that passed he grew more desperate.

The chief mate of the *Erl King*, who had not been able to meet with a skilful carpenter to suit him, was quick to see his chance; and he was a man who knew how to strike while the iron was hot. So it was that at daybreak next morning the wheelwright from Thurlsoe found himself on board of an outward-bound whaler, standing out to northward with all sails set to a favorable breeze. What his reflections might be can only be conjectured; but he was manly enough to perceive that, all things considered, his best wisdom now would be to acquiesce in the deed that he had done in a moment of extreme unwisdom.

All this and much more was told in the letter that Susan read. After giving due and full expression to his repentance, to his affectionate yearning for his home, his wife, his children, he began to write of his return.

"It's been coming upon me a good while now that we were not likely to get back this fall with the other ships," he wrote. "We've had no luck, so far, not a single whale. Over and over we have sighted whales, the boats have been out, and chase given. Once or twice our Specksioneer succeeded in sending home his harpoon into as fine a whale as ever blew; but the brute got away each time, with no end of good line into the bargain. So that up to this hour we have not so much as a single gallon of oil on board; and our master is not one to relish the idea of coming into the harbor at Hild's Haven with a clean ship. I'm not quite

sure as to our whereabouts for the winter. It'll depend upon the ice; but I fear I'll have no more chance of sending any word; or even of having one from you. Never mind, Elizabeth. Keep up your heart. It seems a good bit to next fall counting from now; but it will be here afore we know, so keep a good spirit, and forgive and forget all that's gone by. For me, I'll never speak a word as to the past again so long as I live."

After this came some few passages as to what he hoped was being done by way of keeping the business together, with information as to money left in the bank, and other directions, surmises, regrets, perplexities. It was evident that the man's whole heart and soul was still at Thurlsoe. Finally, came more loving words, more repentant words, with touching promises of amendment. There could be no doubt but that he was yearning for that opportunity of starting the new life of which he wrote so earnestly. Elizabeth Gatonby never read those words, and she read them many times, without bitter tears, and strong pure resolve on her own part. A new beginning was at least as much a necessity to her heart and life as to his; and it was certainly as often, and as strongly in her mind, in her soul, and this always in the soul's own hour — the hour of prayer.

May one not say that for each, the newer and better life had already begun?

CHAPTER VI.

NOT only the friends and neighbors of George Gatonby were ready to rejoice with his wife and daughter when the second autumn came, and George was expected home; but many of the people of Hild's Haven, comparative strangers, were on the lookout for the return of the Erl King. The story of George Gatonby's departure had become widely known by this time, and sympathy with his wife was widely spread. Not a few people had sympathy with the erring but repentant husband also.

The times were still stormy, but the history of the times need not be written here; it is in all the annals of the land of that date; there is no history of those days that does not tell of the panic that had seized upon English people everywhere, of the dread of foreign, that is to say, of French invasion. And nothing that could be done in the way of precaution was altogether condemned by the majority. It was admitted everywhere that the magnificent men-of-war must have adequate crews to man them if they were

to be of any use in the strife that was being forced upon the English nation. Only such considerations as these could have brought Englishmen to look with anything like toleration upon such diabolical machinery as that set in motion by the Admiralty press warrants.

Only the other day I was shown to the top of a charmingly old-fashioned house in this neighborhood; and there I saw a recess in the brickwork of the garret chimney, a recess which had been used as a place of hiding in the days when the press-gang was doing its worst in and about Hild's Haven.

No thought of politics, of foreign wars, of any other extraneous thing troubled Elizabeth Gatonby that October morning, when news came to her that the owners of the Erl King were expecting that their vessel would be at anchor in the harbor at Hild's Haven within twelve hours. Three whalers of the port, all of them successful, had arrived already. One of them, the Henrietta, had taken no fewer than thirty-six whales. The Aimwell, Captain Johnstone, had brought in thirty; and the Jenny twenty-four. It was not yet known accurately how many had fallen to the lot of the Erl King, but it was said certainly that she was amongst the most successful vessels of the season; and that, therefore, her owners would have little reason to regret the preceding year of absolute failure.

It is difficult now to realize the excitement that used to disturb the peaceful old town on such occasions as this. Every one was alive to the importance of the moment. Even those who had nothing at stake were drawn into the general emotion that was always aroused at the close of the whaling season, when the ships were arriving one after another, some with nothing but good news for those at home, a few with little but ill. And hardly ever an October came but some ship sailed slowly into the harbor, her flag half-mast high, betokening that at least one more human being had passed into the silent land. It was not strange that when Elizabeth Gatonby at length stood on the pier, waiting there for the coming in of the ship upon which her straining eyes were set, her expectation should be mingled with much foreboding.

And, strange to say, never before had the recollection of that last sad scene in the workshop at Thurlsoe come before her with a more keen and vivid reality. She saw in her imagination all that she had seen there with her own eyes, heard all that she had heard with her ears. Her

husband stood before her, pained, passionate, stung to a wilder passion than she had ever before witnessed, sinking deeper into the mire of passion with every word she uttered. And ah! how those words stung herself now. Every word she heard afresh, every taunt, every untrue accusation. The very tone of her own voice came back upon her. Through all that she had done and suffered since, that one wild hour's work came back, and now it was as very fire in her veins, goading her to new self-reproach—to new yearning for the moment when she might say, "Forgive me. Will you forgive me?"

Thinking, brooding, suffering thus, her arms clasping her baby girl passionately, Elizabeth Gatonby watched and waited for the coming in of the Erl King.

The whaler was then in the roads, waiting only for sufficient water to enter the harbor. When the tide was high enough for her to come over the bar a flag would be hoisted on the "ancient staff."

Twice during the afternoon boats had come into the harbor, landing at the Scotch Head, bringing news of the men on board the Erl King. There had been no death, little sickness, and the success of the ship was beyond all that had been reported hitherto. The prevailing feeling was one of gladness, happiness, almost exultation.

At least forty-six Hild's Haven men were then on the deck of the Erl King, and most of them had friends or relations waiting for them on the piers and quays of the old town. But perhaps not one there was waiting with the same sickening, overpowering emotion as that which was consuming Elizabeth Gatonby. But at last she saw the ship for which she had been waiting so long with such yearning, such pitiful longing; *at last* she saw it cross the harbor bar. She clasped her baby in her arms, she held it up in her foolish excitement, as if the father might see—the father who never, even in imagination, had dreamed of it; and who could by no possibility know that he had a third child to be remembered in his prayers. Elizabeth bade the little one look. She besought it for love for the father it had never yet seen or known. Then she drew little Walter to her side, nearly two years older than the Walter his father had left that bitter night. But that night was forgotten at this moment. Nothing that was past should ever be recalled again. All should be love, and forgiveness, and peace—such love, such peace, as had never yet

been known by the fireside at Thurlsoe; the fireside that Susan was keeping warm and bright, in expectation of her father's return. Long afterward the girl told how she had wept and prayed, but with little comfort in her prayer. "I couldn't hear no answer," she said; "an' so I'd no hope. But I'd never had none—no, not from the beginning."

The Erl King came over the harbor bar at last, not only safely, but with an air of triumph, as of some conscious living thing. The crowd on the quay pressed forward; the excitement was, for various reasons, almost unprecedented. It was so seldom that a Hild's Haven whaler had remained for two seasons in the Greenland seas.

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUSION.

WITHIN an hour after the Erl King had dropped her anchor by the side of the quay, George Gatonby had clasped his wife and child to his quickly and warmly beating heart. In that first moment of intense joy the unexpected news and presence of his little daughter was hardly more than an item—an important item, it is true; yet there was scarcely room in the man's big, half-bursting heart for much surprise. They could not see each other's faces, the husband and wife, not clearly; and Elizabeth felt as if her very soul was yearning for one long, loving look into the eyes of the man she had never—till too late—known how to love.

It had only been by special grace that George Gatonby had been allowed to leave his ship at the moment when her anchor was dropped; but his captain had understood how it was with him, and gave permission to the carpenter to leave the deck at the first possible moment. It was yet early in the October evening, and though the young moon had hardly gone below the tops of the old red roofs of Hild's Haven, the oil lamps were lighted here and there, throwing dim rays along the narrow streets, lighting the entrance here and there to a crooked yard. But George Gatonby thought little of light or of darkness as he went with his wife across the bridge that spans the harbor. They were quite silent, having not even the wish to speak. George was carrying his hardly seen daughter, who was fast asleep, in his left arm; his right hand clasped firmly and warmly the left hand of his wife, who held her little Walter on the other side.

"Where are ya takin' ma to, Liza?"

George said at last, speaking in a tender, dreamy way as they left the bridge.

"We're goin' to Annie's," she replied brightly. "We're to hev a cup o' tea there and a bit o' nice roast beef—a bit o' loin—I know that's a joint you like. It's all ready, George! Annie an' me arranged it ever so long sen; an' her husband saved the finest and freshest vegetables, an' a few o' the best pears an' apples 'at he's grown in his garden this year. We knew you'd neither ha' seen fresh meat, nor fresh vegetable for a good bit back. An' it's all ready, George—just ready to sit down to. Oh, that I should ever ha' lived to see this night!"

No answer was possible to such speech as this, but George laughed a nervous laugh of satisfaction, and lifting his wife's hand to his lips he kissed it passionately. The poor woman's face was burning, her heart was beating, her whole soul and self merged in this new grant of love, of life, of hope, of all things.

The "Annie" alluded to was Mrs. Gatonby's sister, the wife of the man who was the principal market-gardener of the Hild's Haven of that day. His gardens were out on the south side of the town, but his little shop and house were at the farther end—the Kirkgate end—of Grape Lane.

"*Groap-laine*," Dr. Young says it is written in an old title-deed; adding, "Perhaps its designation arose from its being so narrow and dark that passengers needed to *grope* their way."

They had just entered the seaward end of Grape Lane, the dark, narrow, crooked end. Little Walter clung closer to his mother's side, while she, half unconsciously, drew a little nearer to her husband. The street seemed deserted; only one oil lamp hung near the door of the Dolphin Inn, and this one so dim as hardly to show what manner of men they were who rushed out so suddenly from the inn-door at the very moment when George Gatonby and his wife were passing. George would have drawn her and the children to the other side of the street, but all at once, before he had even time to suspect what was about to happen, he found himself separated from them, surrounded by some four or five powerfully-built and armed men, who seemed to have sprung upon him like wild animals upon their prey.

"In the name of the king!" cried one, the leader, as George Gatonby, with a desperate effort, the effort of mad despair, attempted to wrest himself free from what

he now knew to be a press-gang. His wife's pitiful shriek rang through the air, again and again it echoed along that narrow street.

"George! George! My husband! my husband! Let him go! for the love of Heaven, let him go!"

She could utter nothing but this at that moment. Her brain was already frenzied, confused. She looked about wildly for help, but no help was there within the narrow limits of the Grape Lane of that day.

Her husband was struggling for freedom manfully, but quite uselessly. The child by Elizabeth's side was crying aloud, the little one, who had been put into her arms by one of the gang at a moment when she was hardly aware, was cowering to the mother's heart for very fear, yet lifting her little hand to stroke the white face that was almost paralyzed with anguish. And still the mother was pleading in her breathless, frantic way.

"Let him go! oh, for the love of Heaven, let him go!"

Suddenly, on the very steps of the inn toward which they had borne him, George ceased to struggle.

"Whisht, Elizabeth, wisht, honey! It'll be all right!" the returned carpenter began, speaking as one exhausted with the strife. Then turning to the men he said,—

"You can't touch me! Ah defy you! My papers are on board the ship ah've just left—the Erl King; but they're all right, as you'll find. You can't touch a protected whaler! Not all the Admiralty warrants in the world would enable you to do that!"

There was a moment of comparative silence; little Walter's crying, his mother's stifled sobbing, were the only sounds that broke it.

"All right!" said the leader of the press-gang, as if suddenly convinced against his will, but at the same moment giving a secret sign to the man nearest to him. "Quite true, I don't doubt! All the same, we must see these papers of yours, if you please. On board the Erl King, you say they are?"

"Yes, sir, yes!" broke in Elizabeth Gatonby with pitiful eagerness. "Can ah fetch them for you? He's been i' the Greenlan' seas this well-nigh two years, has my husban'!—George, where shall ah find the papers?—But, oh, sir! if you'd let him come home with me! He'll fetch all ya want i' the mornin'! Just think of it! Mebbe you're a father yourself,

sir! An' my husban's never set eyes on the child in my arms till a quarter of an hour agone — no, never! Let him come home with us, sir! Say you'll let him come home!"

Is there a reason in nature, for these hard hearts, O Lear?

That a reason *out of nature* must turn them soft seems clear!

The leader of the press-gang was a man accustomed to scenes of this kind, but one or two of the men with him were less used to the work, and were already murmuring and whispering among themselves. It was a moment to demand resource, if the stalwart and promising young whaler was to be secured.

"I think I will accept your offer, my good woman," the chief said, speaking in the tone of one making an unwilling concession. "You shall fetch your husband's papers, and as soon as you can, if you please. We must be out of the harbor before the ebb-tide."

"Ah shall hev to go myself," George said, speaking with white set face and rigid lips. He had understood. "Ah shall hev to go myself. *She* can't get the papers, you know that. Besides, how is a woman with two bairns to get on board a ship like that at this time o' night?"

"Oh, trust a woman for finding ways and means for doing anything she wants to do! But all this is no business of mine! Come along inside the Dolphin for half an hour. I'll give you that — half an hour, my good woman. Do your best!"

Elizabeth would have started off on the instant, trembling, tearful, bewildered, in search of the captain of the Erl King. But George, who was still held in the grasp of the gang, drew his wife a little on one side, took her in his arms, and kissed her and the children passionately. They permitted him to do that.

"Good-bye, Lizzie!" he said, half choking with the sobs he had to stifle. He tried to say something else; one more word was on his pallid lips, but he was not allowed to utter it. Sounds of advancing feet were heard; and at a sign from the leader of the gang George Gatonby was quickly dragged into the dim doorway of the Dolphin.

So, through blinding tears, Elizabeth Gatonby saw her husband for the last time. Thus, confused by the anguish of her poor broken heart, she listened to the last words she might ever hear him utter.

She did not know it then; but next

morning, when they told her that the Perseus, the man-of-war that had been lying at anchor in the roads off Hild's Haven, had set sail the night before with some half dozen impressed men on board, she knew that she would no more look upon the face of her children's father. Being a mother she had to live, though never any more came tidings from him who had been the life of her life for so many years.

And even yet it is told in Hild's Haven how George Gatonby returned from the Greenland seas, how within one half-hour, as with his wife and children he passed along Grape Lane, he was seized by the press-gang, and never heard of any more. There are many stories of this northern seaboard that end with these words, "Never heard of any more!"

From Temple Bar.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES DICKENS.

HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

BY ELEANOR E. CHRISTIAN.

MY acquaintance with the Dickens family, which afterwards ripened into so pleasant an intimacy, began in London at the house of a relative of mine, and I vividly recall the flutter of delight that I felt when told I was to meet "Boz," and dine at the same table with the great author and his wife. My introduction to Mrs. Charles Dickens took place in the bedroom before dinner, while fixing our respective toilettes. She was a pretty little woman, plump and fresh-colored; with the large, heavy-lidded blue eyes so much admired by men. The nose was slightly *retroussé*, the forehead good, mouth small, round, and red-lipped, with a genial, smiling expression of countenance, notwithstanding the sleepy look of the slow-moving eyes.

Her manner to me was friendly and informal, but could not quite allay my nervousness as I went down to be introduced to her husband.

The first thing that riveted me was the marvellous power of his eyes. Non-descript in color, though inclining to warm grey in repose; but lighting up suddenly into a luminous depth of hue, they instantly arrested me; and I could see nothing else for the moment. Then I became aware of a rare harmony of features, a combination of strength and delicacy of perception, a breadth and grandeur united to spiritualized refinement, which compelled a prolonged study of the whole

countenance. When at last the attention wandered to the costume and style of the man, there was a disappointing mental shock. Everything seemed marred by his "get up." Young as I was, I was aware of the vagaries of dress indulged in by authors and artists; but this was something unusual. The general mistake of men who pose as not of the common herd is to attempt the picturesque; but here was merely a perverted idea of what ought to be fashionable costume—utterly unfit for dinner-dress, and only proving a taste for what was loud. The collar and lapels of his *surtout* were very wide and thrown back so as to give full effect to a vast expanse of white waistcoat. He wore drab-colored trousers, ditto boots, with patent leather toes, all most inconsistent with the poetic head and its flowing locks, and the genius that glowed in his fine, well-opened eyes.

He talked but little during the evening, seeming rather to allow the lead to be taken by Mr. Forster, who was also one of the guests, and whose greater fluency seemed to interest and impress him. His own speech had a certain thickness—it was a family characteristic—as if the tongue was too large for the mouth, and his tones were low and hurried as though his ideas and words were racing against each other. His humorous remarks were generally delivered in an exaggerated, stilted style, and sometimes with a complete perversion of facts, quite astounding to matter-of-fact minds, and were accompanied by a twinkle in the eyes, and a comic lifting of one eyebrow. I was surprised to find that, instead of the piercing, satirical expression one expected, he usually wore a rapt, preoccupied, far-off look which was exceedingly misleading. When I came to know him better I found this was nothing but a trap for the unwary. During these outward semblances of reverie, nothing escaped him; he was quietly and unsuspectingly taking in every incident going on around, and making notes thereon. Many times were we duped by this false appearance of abstraction and were deluded into talking nonsense, arguing illogically, and making silly jokes under the impression that he was miles away in a land of his own peopling, surrounded by characters of his own creation. Then suddenly up would go the curtain from his veiled vision, and he would break forth into most amusing but merciless criticisms of all our conversation; such twisting and distorting of every thoughtless word and unfledged idea that we were

covered with confusion, though convulsed with laughter.

When he really did indulge in a reverie or when engaged in any difficulties of composition, he would pull viciously at his mane-like hair, running his fingers through it till his ideas became satisfactorily evolved, at the same time indulging in his habit of sucking his tongue.

Soon after I became acquainted with him and his family, they went, as they usually did every autumn, to Broadstairs, and they induced my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Smithson, to follow them, after finding a suitable house for their occupation. A few days after Mr. Dickens arrived there, he sent the following letter to Mr. Smithson's partner, Mr. Mitton, who afterwards gave it to me.

Devonshire Terrace,
Thursday, 19th August.

MY DEAR MITTON, —

The only intelligence we can get about the houses on the terrace at Broadstairs is, that there are two to let, one (certainly empty at this moment) a little to the left of our old house, supposing you were looking out of the windows upon the blue, the fresh and ever free; the other a little more to the left still, and commonly called or known by the name of Barfield's Cottage. This Barfield's Cottage will be vacant (we are told) upon the twenty-first. But the devil of it is that at this season of the year they won't keep the houses even a week for you, and consequently Barfield's Cottage is meat for our masters. The other house must be either the one which Smithson looked at, or one close to, and exactly like it.

If he wants to get up a picture of this last-named tenement in his mind, ask him if he don't remember going with Kate and me and the man from the Library to look at a house, and stealing in at the kitchen door past the water-butt and coal-cellar. That house was next the Library on the side nearest London—the Library being between it and ours. I am not sure that this particular house is the same, but it must be either the next door to it or the next door but one. The terms I don't know, but they are *certainly not more* than five guineas per week, I should say. . . . In short, nothing can be done without going down in person, for the place is very full indeed, and the people wildly rapacious and rearing upon their hind legs for money. The day to go down upon is a *Monday*, for there is a chance of some family having gone out on that morning, it being a great departure day. If you put all this into your partner's pipe, tell him that I wish, for his sake, and my own too, I could fill it with more substantial matter.

The Smithsons took the house soon after, and I, to my delight, went with them on a visit to which I look back as

one of the pleasantest epochs in my life, bringing me, as it did, into constant association with "Boz" and his family. We were daily together, and on the most friendly footing. At this time, too, his mother and sister, Mrs. Burnett, with her husband, came to stay with him, and these two latter added greatly to the general enjoyment, as both sang extremely well. They were students at the Royal Academy of Music, where they first met. She was very sweet and amiable, in delicate health, and she died quite young. Old Mrs. Dickens was very agreeable, and entered into youthful amusements with much enjoyment; she had a worn, deeply-lined face, evidently roughly ploughed by "carking care." Dickens's sister Letitia (Mrs. Austin) came also for a short time. She struck me as not being so full of fun as the rest of the family. She was like Frederick Dickens, but rather tall. Mrs. Dickens senior had a most sensible face, and in after years Charles grew to resemble her greatly, though his "battle of life" could not have been such a tough struggle with poverty and privation as hers had been.

It has been said that Mrs. Nickleby and Mr. Micawber were drawn from Charles's parents, and, indeed, he admitted the fact, but I saw no resemblance. She seemed to me to possess a good stock of common sense, and a matter-of-fact manner. I only detected one little weakness—a love of dancing. And though she never indulged in it with any other partner than her son-in-law, or with some relation, Charles always looked as sulkily as a bear the whole time.

Her husband appeared younger than she did, and was a plump, good-looking man, rather an "old buck" in dress, but with no resemblance to Micawber that I could detect; no salient characteristics that could be twisted into anything so grotesque, except that he indulged occasionally in *fine* sentiments, and long-worded sentences, and seemed to take an airy, sunny-sided view of things in general. He avowed himself an optimist, and said he was like a cork—if he was pushed under water in one place, he always bobbed "up to time" cheerfully in another, and felt none the worse for the dip.

It was wonderful how the whole family had emancipated themselves from their antecedents, and contrived to fit easily into their improved position. They appeared to be less at ease with Charles than with any one else, and seemed in fear of offending him. There was a subdued

manner, a kind of restraint in his presence, not merely the result of admiration of his genius, or respect for his opinion, but because his moods were very variable. Sometimes so genial and gay that one became excited and exhilarated (as if champagne had been flowing freely) merely from his contagious spirits; at other times abstracted and even morose—we wondered how we could possibly ever have been so friendly with him. He pretended to be engaged in a sentimental flirtation with my friend Millie (who was of a certain age) as well as with me, calling us rhapsodically in turns "My charmer," "Beloved of my soul," "Fair enslaver," "Queen of my heart," to the infinite amusement of Mrs. Charles Dickens, and he would solicit a dance in the old English style.

"Wilt tread a measure with me, sweet ladye? Fain would I thread the mazes of this saraband with thee."

"Aye, fair sir, that will I right gladly, in good sooth I'll never say thee nay."

Needless to say the measure we trod was probably as unlike a saraband as anything imaginable; but Charles edified the spectators by his Turveydrop deportment, and Malvolio airs of smirking conceit.

Once we proceeded to tread this measure in an imposingly majestic style, when suddenly Dickens burst into an unearthly howl expressive of mortal agony. We all stopped, appalled. He subsided into groans and moans, accompanied by contortions that outdid the writhings of the Laocoon. After a few seconds of grotesque facial and muscular performance he turned to Mr. Smithson with an injured and upbraiding air, and faltered out: "When next you *tread a measure* in my vicinity, be humane enough to *measure your tread*, and don't stamp down with your fourteen-stone avoirdupois weight on that unlucky corn-field, my poor foot. I might be tempted to wreak a dire revenge, and repay you the same *measure for measure*."

After one of these ridiculous dances, he suddenly exclaimed, "I feel that I could act a pompous ass to perfection! Let us get up some charades, and test our histrionic powers."

We acted the word "Pompadour," and he took the part of Louis XV., Millie, the Comtesse de Soubise, and I, Madame de Pompadour. In the first syllable she was supposed to rival me in the king's favor. This scene was in pantomime, representing the stiff formality and exaggerated eti-

quette of the court of "the well-beloved." We changed "adour" into "adore," and Louis made bombastic love in the old French manner to the comtesse. In the whole word, Pompadour artfully obtains a *lettre de cachet* from the king, and consigns her rival to the Bastille, and so is triumphant. Although the whole affair was impromptu, properties and all; though Dickens wore a lady's wide-brimmed hat, pinned up on one side, and decorated with a dishevelled feather, wildly rampant — which persisted in twisting the wrong way — he yet contrived to maintain a most majestic demeanor.

About this period his brother Frederick, whom I now saw for the first time, arrived by steamer, and we all went to meet him. He had the same *wearied* expression as Mrs. Burnett, the raised eyebrows, small nose, and large, full-lipped mouth; and spoke with the thick utterance of his father and brother. I thought him, on the whole, more comic in society than Dickens. He had a positive genius for representing commonplace matters in an absurd light, and with exaggerated facial expression, so that he contrived to convert the most meagre material into ludicrous combinations. They both occasionally indulged in puns, which if not always very clever, produced shouts of laughter from their hearers, owing to the absurd way in which they were uttered.

One of Dickens's good things was said to me, and I had great delight in repeating it. A gentleman visitor was singing, "By the sad sea waves," — and singing it abominably; he finished on a high note, with a most unlooked-for and inopportune embellishment, in musical language called a *turn*. Dickens had managed to preserve a preternaturally solemn decorum until this climax met his ears. He now flashed on me a look of absolute amazement.

"What *did* he mean by that?" I asked, equally confounded.

His answer was imperturbably grave — with a sage shake of the head — "Oh, that's quite in rule in music, as well as in accordance with proverbial philosophy. 'When things are at their *worst*, they always take a *turn*.'"

After the perpetration of one of his puns he was accused of irreverence. While we were engaged at whist one evening, a lady seated in the background, apart from the players (I think it was his mother), soothed by the lull, was indulging in a placid nap. One of the players with noisy glee, suddenly banged down the king of trumps, to take the last trick, and thereby

awakened the sleeper, who started up in affright.

"Don't be alarmed!" exclaimed Dickens. "You look awfully like one of the defunct on the Day of Judgment."

"Why?"

"Because you were awakened by the sound of the *last trump*."

He pretended to be dreadfully disgusted when his wife attempted punning, and vowed he was deteriorating under the influence of this bad example, though he could not help laughing, as she perpetrated her little harmless attempts with the most innocent and deprecating air, turning up her eyes, with affected terror of his wrath, and terminating in a pretty little *moue*, while he pretended to tear his hair and writhed in well-acted attitudes of horror.

One evening, his friend Mr. M — entered the room with a complacent air, arrayed in an outrageously long stock, which he evidently thought worthy of a Brummell. Dickens surveyed it for some moments with a thoughtful and puzzled expression, his forefinger on his forehead in imitation of Sterne.

"Halloa, Charlie! what are you staring at my stock for?" enquired M —.

A heavy load of doubt and conjecture seemed to be lifted from the mind of Dickens. He heaved a sigh of relief, and beamed with thankful satisfaction.

"Stock! it is really meant for a stock, is it? I am *so* glad to know you meant it for that. It was so painful to think you might have intended it for a waistcoat!"

I have never met with any one who entered into games with as much spirit and boisterous glee; the simplest of them he contrived to make amusing, and often instructive. His fun was most infectious, and he had three able partisans in his brothers and Mr. Mitton, and under the incentive of his prompting they became irresistibly comic. Under their manipulation *Vingt-et-un*, *Loo*, etc., became so totally altered so to be scarcely recognizable, and generally ended in unblushing cheating and consequent uproar. The stakes were usually thrown into a heap and distributed honestly at the end of the evening.

Frederick had an amusingly oily laugh, and Mr. Mitton's laughter began with an abrupt *bray* and terminated in such an extraordinary sound that it was invariably provocative of mirth in every one else. No one caused so much merriment to Dickens as this friend, whose presence was a sure antidote to his fits of preoccupation. I have known him to be sitting

apart in apparently deaf-and-dumb abstraction, when Mitton would give out some fresh absurdity which caused Dickens to break into a chuckle of intense enjoyment; this success would act on the other as a further incentive, and he then became utterly ungovernable.

We used to play a game named "animal, mineral, or vegetable," and we succeeded in puzzling Dickens the first time he joined in it, though he easily routed us afterwards. After exhausting all his questions and displaying a good deal of classic and mythologic lore, he could get no further and admitted himself beaten. He had got so far, that the object was vegetable, mentioned in mythological history, belonging to a queen, and that the final destiny was pathetic. Great was his pretended anger and disgust when he was triumphantly informed that all this puzzling, all this parade of learning and research, had been expended on THE TARTS made by the Queen of Hearts, and stolen by the knave, who "took them quite away."

We promised not to offend again by introducing such trivial subjects, but he pulled my hair viciously, later on, because I gave him "*the wax* that Ulysses stuffed into the ears of his crew, lest they should yield to the songs of the Syrens." How proud and elated we all felt if any clever answer gained a word of approval from the *maestro*! We were on one occasion playing "How, when, and where do you like it?" Fred was the questioner, and the word was *scull*. In answer to how I liked it? I answered, "With the accompaniment of a fine organ."

"When?"

"When youth is at the helm, and pleasure at the prow."

"Where?"

"Where wanders the hoary Thames, along his silver winding way."

"Why of course, you little goose!" exclaimed Dickens, crossing to where I sat, "Your answers betrayed the word to the most simple comprehension; but they were good answers and apt quotations nevertheless, and I think it would add considerably to the interest of the game if we all sharpened our wits by trying to give a poetical tone to it with good quotations as answers. We'd all have to read *up* for it."

He did so after this, introducing so much cleverness, and quoting so aptly that we were literally driven to our wits' ends trying to keep up with him.

We went one evening in "the whole

strength of the company" to spend a few hours at the Tivoli Gardens, a place purporting to be Vauxhall on a small scale. Some respectable people were dancing in a part set aside for that purpose, and we young ones were seized with the desire to get up a quadrille among ourselves. As no one knew us we decided on enjoying ourselves, with the exception of Dickens, who feared to be recognized in these "halls of dazzling light," and therefore walked about outside. The *fac-simile* of Morleena Kenwigs was capering about quite near us, her sandy hair in two long plaited tails with large blue bows flowing down her back. She wore sandalled shoon and frilled pantalettes, and looked as if she had been purposely got up for the part of Morleena. While Dickens was gazing in amusement at the resemblance, a man came close to him and stared with rude recognition into his face. Dickens moved away, but his tormentor, in no wise discouraged, followed him, wide-eyed and wide-eared, imprudently determined to pick up any "unconsidered trifles" in the way of remarks dropped by Boz. At last Dickens waxed wroth and turned on him suddenly, lifting his hat with elaborate politeness.

"Pray sir, may I ask, are you a native of this place?"

"No — no — sir. I am not!" stammered the other, taken aback.

"Oh! I beg your pardon" (with smiling suavity), "I fancied I could detect *Broad-stares* on your very face!" The discomfited creature vanished into space and was seen no more.

We were strolling along the sands next day, our party increased by the addition of Mr. Fletcher, who had just arrived on a visit to Dickens. He was a very eccentric man, impulsive and erratic, indeed most "unexpected" in his behavior. He suddenly ran some yards in front of us, careering along with a frolicsome air, and indulging in sundry odd and unaccountable antics, thereby attracting the attention of several passing strangers. They stood still and stared after him. "Ah!" sighed one with profound commiseration, wagging his head mournfully, "How sad! You see it's quite true. Poor Boz! What a pity to see such a wreck!"

Dickens glared at him, and called to his friend, "Halloa, Fletcher, I wish you'd moderate your insane gambollings! There are fools among the British public who might mistake you for me."

"The fools" looked decidedly snubbed as they betook themselves off, pursued by

the glowing fire of his eyes, which seemed to scorch them. He was exceedingly annoyed and showed it in the dilation of his sensitive nostrils and the tightening of his lips, as he walked on. He broke into a laugh after a few moments.

"I'm afraid I was rather *down* on those poor beggars, but I do not like that ambling ass to be mistaken for me." (This was only an ebullition of momentary annoyance, as he had undoubtedly a great esteem for Mr. Fletcher.)

To watch the sea was his greatest delight; for hours he would remain as if in a trance, with a face of rapt, immovable calm, and the far-off gaze of his marvellous eyes turned seaward, totally oblivious of everything around him. At first I did not understand his change of moods—in the evening full of friendly converse and fun; in the morning he would pass us by with grudging recognition, as if it annoyed him to be obliged to mutter, "How d'ye do?"

One day Millie and I were standing on the balcony of our house when Dickens came sauntering by. On seeing us he promptly *struck* an attitude, with one hand pressed to his heart, and the other thrown out aloft as he spouted dramatically:—

"'Tis my lady! 'tis my love! Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand, that I might touch that cheek!"

"Which of us do you intend to be Juliet to your Romeo?" enquired Millie.

"Whichever you choose, my little dears!" he answered, touching his hat airily and strolling on. Next morning we were there again as he passed, this time with merely an ungracious "How do!" He was weaving his ideas, and naturally was bored by interruption. Afterwards when his face wore this abstracted look, I always pretended not to see him. It saved him the trouble of being obliged to recognize me, did not encroach on his composing mood, and altogether pleased him. I was horribly afraid of him sometimes, and told him so once, greatly to his amusement.

"Why, there's nothing formidable about me!"

"Isn't there?" I exclaimed. "You look like a forest lion with a shaggy mane, on the prowl; and I always think of the words,—

He roared so loud, and looked so wondrous grim,

His very shadow dared not follow him."

Dickens laughed aloud, and cried, "What! do you play shadow to my lion? Nay,

then, as Bottom the Weaver says, 'I must aggravate my voice, I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove!'"

I was less afraid of him after this, but at times I still made a point of avoiding him, especially when he was wandering in dreamland. Seeing him then, calm and solemn as the Sphinx, it was difficult to imagine the amount of mischievous fun of which he was capable. To give an example. We were on the pier one evening, having been amusing ourselves by dancing a quadrille, in a railed-off space which Dickens had named the "family pew," because it contained seats on two sides. He was in high spirits, as he enjoyed being here at dusk, when he escaped the scrutiny of the "gaping throng." He condescended to perform on his pocket-comb and a piece of paper, while Fred whistled, the two thus doing duty as "band." After our caperings we strolled towards the end of the little pier, to watch the tide rippling in under the fading light. The scene had become weird and uncanny, the night seeming to drop suddenly down without star or moon; the only light a lingering, phosphorescent gleam on the crest of the waves.

All at once the spirit of the hour,—a demon of mischief evidently,—seemed to take possession of Dickens. He flung his arm round me and whirled me with him down the inclined plane of the jetty, towards a tall upright pole fixed at the extreme end. To this pole he clung with his other arm while he informed me in theatrical accents, that he intended to hold me there till the wild waves overwhelmed us.

"Think!" he cried, mouthing every word, "think of the sensation we shall create! Think of the road to celebrity which you are about to tread,—no, I mean, not exactly to *tread*, but to flounder into!"

Here I entreated him to let me go, while I struggled desperately to free myself.

"Let your mind dwell on the column in the *Times* wherein will be vividly described the pathetic fate of the lovely Emma P——, drowned by Dickens in a fit of dementia! Don't struggle, poor little bird! you are powerless in the claws of such a kite as this child!"

The last glimmer of light was now gone, and close to us was the dark mystery of the surging water, *very* black, very cold, and above all, coming nearer and nearer very rapidly. With a horrid plash it dashed over my feet! I screamed out,—

"Oh, my dress! my *best* dress, my *only* silk dress will be ruined!"

He was not softened in the least by this tragic appeal, but continued ranting nonsensically and panting with his exertions to hold me, and with his suppressed laughter. Then I gave a wild shriek.

"Mrs. Dickens! help me!—make Mr. Dickens let me go. The waves are up to my knees!"

"Charles!" Mrs. Dickens called in frantic accents. "How can you be so silly? You will both be carried off by the waves (then falling from pathos to bathos), and you'll spoil the poor girl's silk dress."

"*Dress!*" shouted Dickens with withering scorn. "Talk not to me of *dress!* When the pall of night is enshrouding us in Cimmerian darkness, when we already stand on the brink of the Great Mystery, shall our thoughts be of such vanities? Am I not immolating a brand-new pair of patent-leathers still unpaid for? Perish such low-born thoughts! In this hour of abandonment to the voice of destiny, shall we be held back by the puerilities of silken raiment? Shall leather or prunella (whatever that may be) stop the bolt of fate?" The sudden parenthetical change from high-flown rant back again to his ordinary accents was most ridiculous.

Here I succeeded in struggling out of his grasp, and fled to my friends almost crying with vexation, my *only* silk dress clinging round my saturated limbs, and leaving a watery track as I stumbled on. Mrs. Smithson (to make my plight doubly annoying) greeted me with dignified displeasure, and Dickens received not an iota of blame. I was told "to run home at once and take off my wet things," and she added severely, that she was "*surprised*" at me. The surprise was mutual; as I dragged myself limply off, like the maiden "all forlorn," and feeling a "moist unpleasant body," I could not help moralizing to Fred, who escorted me, on the blind injustice of human judgments.

Pegwell Bay!—What lively memories are associated with that breezy spot, for during our first excursion there Dickens developed a taste for public, *too* public singing! Whether the prospect of prawns and bottled stout, or the extra exhilarative properties of the atmosphere were accountable for this peculiar outbreak, I know not; but before starting, while the open carriages were still standing at the door, his wife with the rest of the party waiting inside the house, he was buying ballads from a beggar in the street. Some

minutes later he burst into the room, with schoolboy glee waving aloft a yard of these delectable songs.

"Look here! fair dames and damosels! all for one penny!" he cried with triumphant hilarity. "Invested by yours truly for the delectation of the company. Quite new and original"—the subject being the interesting announcement about our gracious queen. "It is in the vulgar tongue, but you are all so familiar with 'Nix my Dolly' and other flash chants that you will not be greatly shocked, I venture to say."

Two lines only was he permitted to utter, when the chorus of expostulation became so loud, that he was, most unwillingly, compelled to stop. He pretended to be much aggrieved and fell into a chair in a despondent, deeply hurt attitude.

"There was nothing wrong in it!" he grumbled, and "I've written much worse myself."

When we were preparing to enter the carriages he made a dead stop on the steps and harangued the audience with a dogged air, considerably weakened in its effect on us, by the twitching of his lips, and the comic lifting of one eyebrow.

"Now, look here! I give due notice to all and sundry, that *I mean to sing that song*, ay, and a good many of the others, during the drive, so those ladies who think them *vulgar* can go in the other carriage. I have not invested my hard-earned penny for nothing!"

I knew he was the last man in the world to annoy or really embarrass any woman, but I thought as he was so bent on this performance, it would be better for myself and a relief to him, if I spared him my presence, so I took his advice, and Mrs. Smithson and his own wife were the only female portion of his audience. When I heard, during the drive, certain verses of the songs borne to us on the breeze, and the shouts of laughter that followed each fresh outbreak,—when I saw the madcap mood Dickens was in, plainly expressed in every gesture and absolutely bubbling over in face and voice, I congratulated myself on my prudence.

Seeing Dickens standing motionless afterwards in rapt contemplation of the incoming waves, I once made a hurried sketch of him. A young lady (who was on a visit to Mrs. Dickens) looked on and evidently made up her mind to make mischief. She had before evinced jealousy of me, and she took this opportunity to sow discord. She went off and informed Mr. Dickens that I had made a "horrid

caricature" of him. I wondered at a great *stand-offishness* of manner that evening and asked Mrs. Dickens the reason. She seemed vexed, and then told me that Miss F—— had told her husband about "the caricature," and he was much annoyed.

I happened to have the little drawing between the leaves of the book in my hand, so I quietly handed it to her without a word.

Directly she looked at it she dimpled into a pleased smile, exclaiming, "Oh how like! It is really very good, and not a caricature at all. Let me show it to Charles at once. He will see that she was completely mistaken. Don't look so tearful, poor little girl! such nonsense to make a false report about this pretty sketch. Will you give it to me, dear? I shall value it very much!" She kissed me with her usual sweet, kindly manner, and went off triumphantly with the sketch.

Mr. Dickens met me in the evening with a return to his genial *bonhomie*, and an amused twinkle in his eyes. I looked appealingly at him, as I murmured, "How could you think I would presume to caricature you! That horrid, red-haired Miss F—— only wanted to set you against me."

"My enslaver!" he exclaimed, throwing himself into a stagey attitude, "I always loved gingerbread even after childhood's hours had vanished into the dim past; and her ruddy tresses awaken fond memories of my lollipop days; but I don't like her ginger as I do your gold," and he twitched my curls mischievously as he passed on.

Both Dickens and Fred were very fond of ludicrous burlesque of seamanship. Fred would imitate the wide-legged roll (when the sea legs are supposed to be *on*), the hitching-up of the inexpressibles, a pretended quid in the cheek, and numerous other T. P. Cooke's absurdities. When out sailing they would both keep the men on a broad grin by giving ridiculous orders, with perfect gravity and earnestness, such as "Now then, a reef in your taffrail," "Sheepshank your mizen," "Abaft there! brail up your capstan-bar," or "Haul up your main-top-gallant spritsail boom," "Down with your sky-scrappers," etc., etc., all roared out with perfect gravity and earnestness.

One sunny morning we were standing on the sands watching the young Macreadys at play with the Dickens children. The son of the great actor was defending a mimic fort of piled-up sand, against a storming party headed by the son of the great author. As young Charley advanced,

the little Macready threw himself into an attitude of defiance, with head erect, and spade grasped like a martial weapon.

Dickens broke into a hearty laugh, and, pointing to the boy, cried out, in imitation of the great actor's Macbeth, "'Lay on, Macduff! and dashed be he who first cries, hold! enough!'" Did you ever see such a miniature of his *pater*? It's a wise child that knows his own father, but there's no mistake about the paternity here."

"I suppose he naturally imitates his father after seeing him act," said I.

"No, that can't be, because Macready carefully prevents his children knowing that he is an actor; and they have never entered a theatre."

"Is he ashamed of his profession?"

"No, but he wisely thinks that they may misunderstand his calling altogether. It is because he holds such a high view of his art that he fears its being misrepresented to them so as to lower its dignity. He thinks, and rightly too, that there is no small merit in being able to interpret properly the conceptions of a great mind, and that he who embodies with reality, and stamps with individuality, the poets' aerial creations, must himself be endowed with some of this light, by reflection. He fears that servants and ignorant people may speak about acting in a way to his children likely to impress on their small minds a low idea of a profession which he believes to be full of dignity and moving power, when properly acted up to. The time is passed when actors were ranked as vagabonds, and authors as Grub Street hacks; cringing in servile submission to truculent publishers, or dangling in search of a dinner in the ante-room of some ad-dle-headed nobleman. If books enlighten the understanding, so, likewise, the stage has its purpose, next to the pulpit, to elevate and refine by placing more palpably and forcibly before us the grandeur of human passions. Shade of Shakespeare!" he cried with a ringing laugh, "what a homily I'm inflicting on this poor little mortal!"

After a few more words, I told Dickens of one instance within my knowledge, in which a play had produced an effect on an individual, that sermons and lectures had hitherto failed to do. A young medical student was one of our party when I accompanied some friends to see Charles Kean as Mephistopheles, in the drama of "Faust." When the riotous gang of German student revellers are heard roaring their drinking-chorus in the distance,

Mephisto listens, with a sardonic grin on his wicked face, as he says words to this effect: "Go on, my fine fellows, sing and shout and drink deeply in your delightful exuberance of animal spirits. It refreshes me to hear you. Go on, *for you are all fast coming my way!*" This youth was quite sobered and thoughtful for some time after; indeed, he told me that a feeling of horror rushed through him, a sudden conviction of the consequences resulting from sinful indulgence, which he had never before felt.

Dickens listened attentively, with his searching eyes fixed on me, shook his head, and said doubtfully, —

"I'm afraid that youth was open to conviction only through his skin. Nothing but fire and brimstone (minus the treacle) would keep *him* in order. Where the spiritual nature is low one is obliged to threaten with the rod-in-pickle."

I was present when he was discussing, with a gentleman, some of Byron's poetry. He criticised the expressions in "Childe Harold" used in speaking of the Venus, objecting strongly to the words, "Dazzled and drunk with beauty," and "The heart reels with its fulness," which he said were unpoetical, and too suggestive of the beverage (gin and water) which, it was said, sometimes inspired the great poet's high flights. While we defended the verse, Dickens rose with solemn gesture, slapped his forehead, threw back his long locks and exclaimed in bombastic tones, —

"Stand back! I am suddenly seized with the divine afflatus! Don't disturb me till I have given birth to my inspired conceptions."

He seized a pencil, looked wildly round for paper, and finding none, stalked majestically to the window and wrote the following verses on the white shutter.

Lines to E. P. — AFTER BYRON.

O maiden of the amber-dropping hair
May I, Byronically, thy praises utter?
Drunk with *thy* beauty, tell me, may I dare
To sing thy pæans borne upon a shutter?

Fred Dickens copied these lines, and gave them to me the same day, as Dickens had tried to rub them out.

My father (who had died suddenly at the age of forty-two, when I was about twelve years of age) was a Scotch author of considerable reputation. I lent Mrs. Dickens some of his books; she was delighted with them, and, in my presence, asked her husband to read them. He looked far from pleased at the idea, and when she pressed him "to read just one tale, so

beautifully written, and quite short," he turned abruptly and made off, muttering, —

"I hate Scotch stories, and everything else Scotch," which was not any more complimentary to his wife than to me, as she was also Scotch. She flushed, laughed nervously, and said, "Don't mind him, he doesn't mean it!"

Those days at Broadstairs were indeed "halcyon days" to all, and I think every one returned to London very reluctantly, when the time came for our parting. Charles Dickens lived then at 1 Devonshire Terrace, and we continued to have our charade evenings there, and to meet as before, though not so often. Of course much was changed in the frequency and informality of the meetings, but the greatest change was in Dickens himself. He never seemed to me so genial or kindly, but to be preoccupied and nearly always cold and constrained in manner.

One of his most intimate friends was Maclise, the well-known painter, a constant visitor, whose artistic talent made an immense addition to the amusements. On one occasion he retired with Dickens into the back drawing-room (after lowering the lights in the front room where the audience sat) to get up a picture, a *tableau non-vivant*. When the folding-doors were thrown back the effect was startling. With Rembrandt-like arrangement of light and shade — *one* screened lamp only, allowed to touch sparingly a few points intended to be salient, while most of the apartment was thrown into a dim, mysterious gloom — the beholders saw before them the shadowy representation of a veiled female form, half reclining in a shrinking attitude on a couch. One hand clutching in terror-stricken helplessness the silken sofa-pillow, the other pressed convulsively across the upper part of the face, as if to shut out some fearful sight. The dark curtains of the window were thrown back and held apart by two ghastly skeleton hands; a mailed vizor, surmounted by a plume of funereal blackness, gleamed in the aperture.

"Alonzo the brave and the fair Imogene!" was the simultaneous cry after a rapt silence of surprise and enjoyment.

Then a bright light was flashed over all, and the illusion vanished as if by magic. Great amusement was caused by the discovery of the material from which the weird picture was evolved. The picturesque lady crumbled into rags, the spectre knight subsided into a hat-stand, with a bright dish-cover cuirass, an antique

caudle-cup and cake-basket for helmet and vizor, and Mrs. Dickens's bonnet-feathers, reared rampantly, as the plumed crest. The skeleton fingers resolved themselves into a pair of soiled grey gloves pinched and pulled into bony attenuation; a smaller pair blown out and dexterously manipulated into the rigidity and paralysis of Imogene's mortal terror!

Strange that Maclise, who possessed such knowledge of effect, did not make use of it to tone down the crude chalk-and-water coloring of his own pictures!

I was impressed with his striking appearance the first time I saw him. Tall, well-built, and artistic-looking, he wore his dark hair very long, in heavy waves; and his countenance was attractive, possessing a considerable amount of Irish *espèglerie* and fun, especially in the eyes, which sloped upwards at the outward corners. His manners in society were, like his face, agreeable and inclining to the humorous, with a faculty for quaint criticisms on the people and topics of the day. At an evening concert a middle-aged lady indulged us with a Swiss song abounding in tra-la-las, jodels, and sprightly twirls, intended to be sparkling and brilliant. Dickens asked Maclise, with an amused tone in his whisper, what he thought of this effective performance.

"I think," was the answer, gravely enough spoken, but with a contradictory gleam of fun in his eyes, "I think she sang conscientiously, in a good, motherly style."

Few of our celebrated men have ever displayed such real enjoyment in dancing as Dickens did. His geniality bubbled over into joviality in the exuberance of his spirits, raised to white heat by the music, the movement, the friendly contact and laughter, of which last he was generally the instigator. It was a delightful infection to all around; even the formality of a crowded ball-room could not resist it, and stately dames and lordly men, to their own astonishment, found themselves positively on the verge of a gleeful romp, with all the starch gone out of them for the nonce. I shall never forget a dance of about two hundred guests given at Willis's Rooms by Mr. Thompson, in which Dickens was decidedly the "head-centre" of the gaiety, well seconded by Maclise, Mrs. Dickens, and by Dickens's brothers, Frederick and Alfred.

That was the only occasion on which I ever felt aggrieved with Mrs. Dickens. I was engaged to dance with Maclise, and he was just approaching to claim me, when

she stopped him and asked him to dance with her. He told her he was engaged to me, but she would take no denial, and laughing at my discomfiture she whirled off with him. Fred said it was "a shame" and offered himself as a substitute, and I danced repeatedly with him and Alfred. Fred exceeded himself in costume that night. He shone forth in a resplendent waistcoat, woven with spun-glass of many colors, which shimmered gloriously. He snubbed me in rather an ill-tempered tone, when I remarked it, and said I was drawing attention to him. Such a splendid focus of light and color could not fail to gain attention by its own merits. He looked, as he flashed about during the dance, like a stray meteor.

The evening concluded with Sir Roger de Coverley, danced in two long double rows, and it was an inspiring sight to see Dickens at one end, and Maclise at the other, rushing forward with long locks flying free; and very handsome and bright Dickens looked, as he met and whirled me round with the smile of "other days," which had become so rare to me since our return to London life.

His peculiarities of speech were specially marked on this occasion, when he proposed the health of our host after supper. The few sentences were uttered with such rapidity and in such a subdued tone that I scarcely caught them.

Once again only did I see him dancing, about a year afterwards. I was then married and was spending the latter part of a prolonged honeymoon at Broadstairs. The Dickens family arrived there, and Fred, being a great friend of my husband, was very often with us. We went to the Tivoli Gardens, and there, too, came Dickens and his party. Miss Hogarth was with them and danced with my husband, and I with Fred, in some quadrilles made up entirely among ourselves. Mrs. Dickens looked prettier and more attractive than her sister. She was as sweet and kind to me as ever. "Boz" danced alternately with her and her sister. On leaving Broadstairs we returned to London, and from thence my husband and I proceeded to Yorkshire to stay with the Smithsons, at Easthorpe Park. We found the house pleasantly full, and heard that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens were expected to join us. They were not able to come after all, but Alfred did. We remained two months, during which time we plunged into theatricals and Alfred was appointed stage-manager, besides figuring in prominent parts in the per-

formances. Alfred acted the secretly "married bachelor," with great comicality, and with the spirit and aplomb which made him so like his brother Charles.

On another night we acted "High Life below Stairs," in which Alfred Dickens appeared as Sir Harry's servant, in a livery of green and gold. Mr. Thompson was gorgeous as my Lord Duke's man in a wonderful get-up of white-and-gold-laced coat, with hanging gold shoulder-knots, pink silk hose, silver-buckled shoon, cocked hat, powdered wig, and a laced handkerchief, which he used with dandified daintiness.

I entered on the scene, carried on in a real antique sedan-chair, as Lady Kitty's maid. One of the characters wore a wig, which I made out of fawn-colored wool sewn on a skull-cap in ridges, and then combed out. It made a good imitation of a yokel's head of red hair. We had been driven to this expedient as we could not get a red wig in time from London.

Forty-five years ago sobriety was scarcely reckoned a virtue, and Yorkshire squires were often three-bottle men, besides lifting their tankards of old October without stint. On the last occasion of our performance one of our actors was obliged to retire to bed early, being *hors de combat*, though in full warpaint. I felt ashamed and sorry, though unable to help laughing when I watched him ascending the broad oak stairs, and trying to cross the gallery with "a stately step, and slow." Failing to acquit himself with dignity, he braved the bursts of derision from the spectators below, and meandered obliquely back to the top of the stairs, whence he endeavored to eye us down with a vacuous glare, then breaking into a foolish grin accompanied by "nods and becks, and wreathed smiles," he retreated to his room. He was arrayed in full panoply of Roman warrior, and confessed next day that he slept in helmet, cuirass, sword, and sandals, with a bundle of *fascies* as a pillow.

We returned to London shortly after, and the next time I saw Dickens was at luncheon at his house. He was preoccupied in manner, but thawed a little when he took us into the garden to introduce us to his raven, which was strutting about on the lawn, and muttering a string of slang sentences in the tone of a street Arab. He greeted me with "Holloa, old girl!" made some alarming pecks at my ankles, and altogether was unpleasantly familiar.

I was staying with Mrs. Smithson (now

a widow), and Dickens dined with us one evening. When we were mustered in the drawing-room Fred strolled in, looking even more discontented than usual, his lips pouted out and eyebrows invading the roots of his hair. His miserable expression elicited numerous exclamations, bombastic and familiar.

"How now, my liege, whence comes that thunderous cloud of care upon thy manly brow?" cried one.

Fred sauntered wearily to a seat, looked round upon his questioners with calm condescension, and waving his hands up and down like a mesmerist at work. Assuming the mannerism of Harley, and cleverly imitating his grimaces as Touchstone, he broke into a doggerel chant totally devoid of tune.

"I'm unaware of any care, but I'll make you stare,

So now prepare, for news most rare,
I'm going to share, a window where
I can conveniently behold Courvoisi-er-er-er
Receive his well-earned hanging there."

"What?" exclaimed Dickens in surprise. "You're never going to be such an idiot! Whence comes this morbid craving to gloat over such a loathsome exhibition."

"Thackeray is going, I believe, and I am joining a select circle of reporters. It's an excitement, it will be quite a new sensation, and will arouse my slumbering energies, which are as stagnant as ditch-water."

"You'll be squeamish for a week afterwards," remarked Mr. Thompson quietly.

"Have you ever seen a man hanged?" asked Fred.

"No, but I've seen a man guillotined."

"Ugh!" cried Dickens with a shudder of disgust. "That's such a messy business, all gore and sawdust. The inverted rope-dance is cleaner though less impressive. I'd keep away from such a hideous *spectacle* from principle. I'm not sure that we ought to dispose of even murderers in such barbarous ways."

"We destroy wolves and tigers any way we can, and human wild beasts are infinitely more deserving of death. The animals can't help their nature. God made them wolves and tigers, they didn't make themselves. If they, or we, had the making of ourselves, things would be vastly different," grumbled Fred.

"It there's any truth in phrenology, if physiognomy is in the least an index of the inward tendencies, there are unfortunate wretches born with murderous pro-

pensities," said Dickens in a musing tone, and with his far-off look. "Given a large organ of destructiveness, with little benevolence and veneration; result: murderous proclivities. Add to this predestined nature, ignorance and want, and there stalks murder unrestrained, except by fear of the gallows. Self-defence and public safety demand that these unfortunate brutes should be exterminated, but I pity the poor brutes notwithstanding."

"Charles," said Fred, with his oily laugh, "you are capable of imitating the Scotch minister who prayed for the 'puir de'il'."

"Well, yes, I think the 'puir de'il' the unhappiest wretch under heaven. I am inclined to think with Festus that even he will repent and be forgiven in the end."

"My dear Fred," laughingly said Mrs. Smithson, "I'm not afraid that the broiled bacon or devilled kidneys will suffer greatly from your onslaught to-morrow; I shall be glad to see you at ten A.M."

Fred eyed us all with withering scorn as he got up to go.

Charles rose to leave also, and approached Mr. Thompson with an air of mystery, on tip-toe. He whispered (while glancing warningly at the door and making pantomimic gestures expressive of some unfathomable horror), —

"Friend, be advised, — look to't! See that thou lock, bolt, and bar thy chamber door from henceforth. I tremble for thee! Perchance the 'melancholy Jacques' is even now sharpening a *carver* for thy guileless throat. Remember! be advised! I give thee good den!"

Mr. Thompson had in his service for some years a Swiss valet named Jacques, and Courvoisier being a Swiss, and also valet to the master he murdered, Dickens favored him with this timely warning.

Dickens ruffled up his mane till it stood on end, placed his finger on his lip, and stole from the room with stealthy tip-toeing. His grotesque imitation of stage "business," and the portentous gloom with which he shook his dishevelled locks as he finally made his exit, were greeted with a burst of laughter.

I saw Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens shortly after this at a concert, accompanied by Maclise. She smiled pleasantly and gave me a kindly hand-shake *en passant*. He merely bowed with a muttered "How d'ye do." The *pianistes* that evening were the two Misses Weller. The eldest was destined to be the mother of the celebrated artist, Elizabeth Thompson, now Lady Butler, the other afterwards be-

came Fred's wife. And here I may correct a mistake often asserted about the origin of "Sam Weller." It has been said that Dickens named this character *after* becoming acquainted with the Weller family; whereas "Sam" was created many years before he met them. The introduction took place at a public dinner, given to Dickens in Liverpool, at which the Misses Weller played the piano. He was struck by the talent and appearance of these ladies, as well as by the name; and was presented to them by their father. Dickens introduced his friend Mr. Thompson, who was travelling with him (he was brother-in-law to my husband, and his young wife had died, leaving him with two children), and who afterwards married the elder of the two sisters. It was singular that this evening's entertainment led to the marriage of both the Misses Weller.

After Fred's marriage he and Mr. Weller came to stay with us at Southampton. Fred's costume was as eccentric as ever; his "Noah" coat reached nearly to his heels, and was of a pronounced mulberry tint. On the wide collar rested the ends of his long, lank hair. He was a martyr to corns, and during his stay suffered agonies, but he managed to hobble into town, a distance of three miles, with my husband.

A portrait is incomplete without shadows; witness the unreal representations of Queen Elizabeth, of glorious, but despotic, memory. Dickens was far from being faultless, indeed he was often very disappointing, and the hard edges of his character sometimes required softening with a sweetener, *i.e.*, a brush used to blend tints together. I have no doubt that Dickens was most energetic in doing good, and full of warm sympathy for poverty, but I never, *personally*, saw any instances of his benevolence. With regard to governesses and reduced gentlewomen, my experience of him was, indeed, decidedly disappointing. I knew two ladies, the one a most estimable governess, the other a struggling girl artist, whom he might have greatly helped, without trouble to himself; but did not. This latter lady, and her sister (who has since attained a position in the musical world) I had the pleasure to introduce to the charmed circle at the house of the eminent cattle-painter, T. Sidney Cooper, R.A., and they both received encouragement and kindness from him and also from Sergeant Talford, who possessed the best heart of any man I ever met.

Some connections of my husband were

very friendly with "Boz," before he attained his greatest prosperity, and they complained to me how cold and stand-off he became, in his exaltation. One lady who had been for years on most familiar and friendly terms, spoke sorrowfully of his altered disposition, and his capricious treatment of her. All the rest of his family continued the same friendliness, and used to visit at this lady's house, as well as at mine, and they made no excuse for him, except that he was "so odd."

This lady told me that old Mr. Dickens, on his deathbed, sent for her, and seemed quite grateful and pleased at her coming so promptly. He thanked her warmly for all her hospitality to his family and tried to offer some explanation and excuse for the change in his son. He pleaded that the adulation Charles received was enough to spoil him. In the midst of his agitated talk, while he still held her hand clasped in his trembling fingers, with his fast-fading eyes gazing sadly in her face, the door opened and Charles Dickens entered. He stood for a moment looking quite startled and embarrassed.

My friend stooped and kissed the old man's forehead, saying, "Good-bye, dear old friend, I shall never forget you, nor what you have just said. And, whatever happens, I shall never cease to think kindly of you and all belonging to you."

He looked wistfully after her, as she bowed to his son when leaving the room. She caught an expression of indecision and regret in the glance Charles cast towards her, and marked the flush deepen from cheek to brow as he returned her salutation. She never saw either of them again.

I have had many conversations with "mutual friends," and the general opinion I gathered is embodied in the remarks of one, who had every opportunity of knowing the real state of affairs with regard to his domestic difficulties; but I am not responsible for these opinions.

"I always pitied Mrs. Charles," she said, "and believe she was less to be blamed than others. Where she was wrong was in neglecting to assert herself in the beginning. She was indolent and easy-going, and allowed herself to be gradually ousted out of her proper place. It was hard to be repudiated for "unsuitability" by her husband, after being the mother of his ten children; and to be deposed and banished from her home, while his esteem and confidence were transferred to her younger sister. She must

have been a most amiable woman, free from all mean jealousy, to have borne so sweetly his preference for her sister Mary. From his own words one cannot doubt that his romantic love was given to her, and he never hesitated to speak of her as his ideal, in his wife's hearing. When she died, he kept her portrait in the place of honor in his study, and mourned as one who would not be comforted. It is a mistake to have relatives living in the house with a young married couple, and Mrs. Charles would have been wise to have taken warning by this sentimental episode. Like the old woman who lived in a shoe, Mrs. Charles "had so many children she did not know what to do," so she weakly allowed herself to be set aside, while a more energetic person managed her household and became councillor and friend to her husband and children.

"There are two species of husbands difficult to live with, the *genius* and the fool. Perhaps the chances of happiness are greater with the fool!"

On reading Forster's "Life of Dickens" I find much that is significant of Dickens's "unsuitability" for the married state. The very force of his genius, the excitability of his overstrung nature, made the repose of domesticity impossible. And yet he married with affection for his wife, and always looked back with a strange recurring fondness to the place where their honeymoon was spent. Perhaps had he not conceived such a romantic attachment to Mary Hogarth he might not have discovered so much unsuitability in her sister. "He had made her his ideal of all moral excellence." When she died "his grief and suffering were intense and affected him through many years." He wished to be buried beside her, and when her mother was placed there he wrote to Mr. Forster, —

"It is a great trial to give up Mary's grave, greater than I can possibly express." Years after he writes, "The desire to be buried next her is as strong upon me as ever it was five years ago, and I know that it will never diminish. . . . I cannot bear the thought of being excluded from her dust."

"This day eleven years ago, poor dear Mary died," he wrote from Niagara.

What would I give if the dear girl whose ashes lie in Kensal Green had lived to come so far along with us, but she has been here many times, I doubt not, since her sweet face faded from her earthly sight.

In the year before he died, he said, —

She is so much in my thoughts at all times,

especially when I am successful, and have greatly prospered in anything, that the recollection of her is an essential part of my being, and is as inseparable from my existence as the beats of my heart.

With this haunting memory of a lost love there could be little hope of happiness for his wife. That he had no cause to dislike her is proved by his own words in the same book. He continues to speak affectionately of her for several years; insisted upon her accompanying him to America, and spoke of her in the following terms:—

She really has made a *most admirable traveller* in every respect. She has never screamed, or expressed alarm, under circumstances that would have fully justified her doing so even in my eyes; has never given way to despondency or fatigue, though we have now been travelling incessantly through a very rough country for more than a month, and have been, as you may suppose, 'most thoroughly tired; has always accommodated herself, well and cheerfully, to everything; and has pleased me very much, and proved herself perfectly game.' (See Forster's "Life," p. 168.)

It is significant that they were alone, during this trial of her temper, nerves, and endurance.

Again he writes of her as taking a part in theatricals.

"But only think of Kate playing! and playing devilish well, I assure you!" and concludes his letter with a perfect rapture at the prospect of returning to his home.

"Kiss our darlings for us. We shall soon meet, please God, and be happier and merrier than ever we were, in all our lives. . . . Oh, home—home—home—home—home—home—HOME!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

When they returned, his other sister-in-law came to live with them in 1843, and remained with his children after his death.

In 1857 Dickens became very unsettled and restless; he had, in the intervening years, confided to Mr. Forster much dissatisfaction. A constant want of something unattainable in his home.

Then Dickens speaks of "unrest," of "being driven by irresistible might," and concludes with, "I find that the skeleton in my domestic closet is becoming a pretty big one." At last comes the crowning "confidential" letter:—

Poor Catherine and I are not made for each other, and there is no help for it. It is not only that she makes me uneasy and unhappy, but that I make her so too—and much more so. She is exactly what you know in the way of being amiable and complying, but we are

strangely ill-assorted for the bond there is between us. . . . If I were sick or disabled to-morrow, I know how sorry she would be, and how deeply grieved myself to think how we had lost each other. But exactly the same incompatibility would arise directly I was well again, etc., etc.

In his rejoinder to Mr. Forster's reply Dickens says:—

You are not so tolerant as perhaps you might be of the wayward and unsettled feeling which is part (I suppose) of the tenure on which one holds an imaginative life. . . . I claim no immunity from blame, there is plenty of fault on my side, I dare say, in the way of a thousand uncertainties, caprices, and difficulties of disposition; but only one thing will alter all that, and that is, the end that alters all.

One cannot read Mr. Forster's life of his friend without being impressed with the great loveliness of the character he depicts. No man on record had more friends or fewer enemies. He not only attracted and inspired the deepest affection, but he retained it. In every relation of life, *save one*, he seems to have been almost perfect.

I did not again meet Dickens for many years, owing to my residing near Southampton, and also to the coolness that had arisen between him and my connections, who always remained friendly with his wife. Once I saw him at St. James' Theatre, where some amateur theatricals were going on for the benefit of some one, or some guild, I forget which. George Cruikshank acted Bombastes, and several celebrities took parts. Coming out of the theatre I was close to Dickens and Thackeray, and the way was blocked by a huge mountain of a man with a back like an insurmountable wall of flesh. I heard Dickens whisper to Thackeray with a chuckle,—

"Can you explain whereabouts is situated the small of that man's back?"

He turned his head, caught my eye, and threw me a comic, twinkling glance and smile, as he worked his way past the "man-mountain."

The last time I saw him was at a reading he gave, in Southampton, of the "Christmas Carol." It was splendidly read, indeed almost acted throughout, his voice and countenance were altered in accordance with each character, most effectively. He was greatly changed—his face lined by deep furrows, hair grizzled and thinned, his expression care-worn and clouded. The nostril was still sensitive and dilated like that of a war-horse, the

whole aspect spoke of power, sensibility, and eager restlessness, but overcast with a shadow which blighted its geniality. The open, frank steadiness of eye was gone. He seemed to have withered and dwindled into a smaller man, and his former flashy style of dress had faded into shabbiness. The thickness of utterance was completely conquered by his long course of reading, acting, and speaking, his declamation free from all hurry and indistinctness. He identified himself completely with each character, seeming to enjoy the fun and sympathize with the pathos as if all was quite new to him. He held his audience absorbed in the recital, as his sonorous, emphatic tones (alternately ringing with power, or thrilling with tenderness) gave out the heart-stirring "Carol."

My heart so went out to him that I longed for a touch of his hand, and a kindly word, and I lingered in the entrance of the assembly room, nearly frozen with cold, to wait his coming out; but discovered he had left by means of a window near his platform.

Shortly before his death I wrote to him, begging from him a few lines in support of an application for a pension, which was being addressed to an eminent statesman, in behalf of the aged widow of a well-known author. His reply was curt, and he utterly declined to write a line, telling me I was "absurdly misinformed" about his influence with the premier in question. He was certainly disappointing sometimes.

All his family were away when he was seized with the fit which terminated in death; only Miss Georgina Hogarth was with him. When his children (who were telegraphed for) arrived, he was unconscious.

His wife did not long survive him. They have met, it is to be hoped, where all is made clear, and mistakes and misunderstandings cannot exist. Peace be with them both!

From The Contemporary Review.
FREDERICK III.

EVERY one who last June witnessed the glorious procession of the queen to and from Westminster Abbey, will ever remember one royal figure towering above all the rest, the crown-prince of Germany, as he was then, resplendent in his silver helmet and the white tunic of the Prussian

Cuirassiers — the very picture of manly strength. He is now the emperor of Germany, and when we think of him as travelling from San Remo to Berlin through storm and snow, wrapped up in his grey Hohenzollern cloak, a sad and silent man, is there in all history a more tragic contrast? But there beats in the breast of Frederick III. the same stout heart that upheld Frederick II. at Hochkirchen. He does not know what danger means, whether it come from within or from without. "I face my illness," he said to his friends, "as I faced the bullets at Königgrätz and Wörth." And forward he rides undismayed, following the trumpet call of duty, and not swerving one inch from the straight and rugged path which now lies open before him.

There was a time when his friends imagined a very different career for him. They believed that he might succeed to the throne in the very prime of manhood. His father, the late emperor, then Prince of Prussia, had been the most unpopular man since 1848, and it was considered by no means impossible that he might think it right to decline the crown and to abdicate in favor of his son. The star of Prussia was very low in 1848, and it sank lower and lower during the last years of the afflicted king, Frederick William IV. Few people only were aware of the changes that had taken place in the political views of the Prince of Prussia, chiefly during his stay in England, and the best spirits of the time looked upon his son, Prince Frederick William, as the only man who could be trusted to inaugurate a new era in the history of Prussia. His marriage with the princess royal of England gave still stronger zest to these hopes, for while he was trusted as likely to realize the national yearnings after a united Germany, she was known as the worthy daughter of her father and mother, at that time the only truly constitutional rulers in Europe. England was then the ideal of all German Liberals, and a close political alliance with England was considered the best solution of all European difficulties. Young men, and old men too, dreamt dreams, little knowing how distant their fulfilment should be, and how dashed with sorrow, when at last they should come to be fulfilled.

The prince himself knew probably nothing about the hopes that were then centred on him, but, for a man of his vigor and his eagerness to do some useful work, the long years of inactivity which followed were a severe trial. It has been the tra-

dition in Prussia that the heir to the throne is allowed less power and influence than almost anybody. He may be a soldier, but, whether as a soldier or as a politician, he is expected to stand aloof, to keep silent and to obey. In the violent constitutional conflicts which began soon after his father's accession to the throne, the young crown-prince felt himself isolated and unable to side with either party in a struggle the nature of which he could not approve, and the distant objects of which he was not allowed to foresee. What could be more trying to him than this enforced neutrality, when he and those nearest and dearest to him felt, whether rightly or wrongly, that the safety of the throne was being jeopardized, and the great future of Prussia, as the leader of the German people, forfeited forever?

It would, however, be a mistake to imagine that the years of his manhood have been passed in idleness. Good care is taken in Prussia that no one, not even the heir to the crown, should enjoy a sinecure. It required hard work for the crown-prince to make himself a soldier, such as he has proved himself in two wars, but he never flinched from these military duties, whether they were congenial to him or not. Then came his social duties, his constant visits to foreign courts, his representative functions on every great occasion in Germany or in Prussia. And, besides these public duties, he made plenty of work for himself in which, helped and inspired by the crown-princess, he could more freely follow the natural bent of his mind and his heart. The pupil of Professor Curtius, he preserved through life a warm interest in historical and archæological researches. When he was able to help he was ready to do so, and a limited sphere of independent action was at last given him, as the patron of all museums and collections of works of art in Prussia. The conscientious discharge of these duties, often under considerable difficulties, has borne ample fruit, and will not easily be forgotten by those who worked under him and with him. And as the crown-princess assisted him, so he was able to support the crown-princess in her indefatigable endeavors to improve the education of women, the nursing of the poor, the sanitary state of dwellings, and in many other social reforms which were far from popular when they were first started in Prussia by an Englishwoman. Only in political questions which were so near his heart he had no voice, nay, his own ideas

had often to be kept concealed, lest they might encounter even more determined opposition than they would if advanced by others. The political views of the crown-prince and those who thought with him have often been criticised, and the best answer to them has been found in the success of that policy of which neither he nor his father, when he was still Prince of Prussia, could fully approve. Men think, because they are wiser now, they were wiser then; but a successful policy is not necessarily the wisest policy.

There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them how we will.

During the Crimean war there were most competent judges who considered an alliance of Prussia with Austria and the western powers as the wisest policy, and who looked on the course adopted by the wavering brain of Frederick William IV. as disastrous to the future of Germany. Those who persuaded the king of Prussia to side with Russia may no doubt point with pride to the immense success which their policy has since achieved. They may claim the merit of having cajoled Russia into neutrality during the Austrian campaign, and again of having secured her sympathies by secret promises during the Franco-German war. But they forget that an open alliance of Prussia and Austria with England, France, and Italy might have prevented the Crimean war altogether, and many of the fatal consequences that have sprung from it. Anyhow, we have now reached again the same point where the principal nations of Europe stood before the beginning of the Crimean war. Many changes, no doubt, have taken place in the mean time, but the fundamental question remains the same, How can the permanent peace of Europe be secured? So long as that question remains unanswered, so long as that old riddle remains unsolved, the new emperor need not think that even now he has come too late, or that his father has left him no laurels to win.

The question is, whether the Germanic nations of Europe and America can be made to combine, and to form a league of peace which will make war in Europe impossible. It is no secret that the formation of such a league has been the chief aim of German diplomacy ever since 1872. That league was to be formed on the *uti possidetis* principle, not for offensive, but entirely for defensive purposes. Much progress has already been made, and nothing has done so much to clear the political

atmosphere of Europe as the recent publication of the treaty, concluded some years ago, between Germany and Austria. Though it may have been known before to those whom it most concerns, its simple avowal has opened the eyes of both the Russian and the French people, and has shown them what are the risks which they have to face if they mean once more to disturb the peace of Europe. The treaty of amity between Germany and Italy has not yet been divulged, but politicians must be very dull if they cannot guess its spirit. That Spain and Sweden are animated by the same love of peace as Germany, and that they anticipate danger from the same quarters which threaten Germany on the east and on the west, has likewise been shown by signs that cannot be misunderstood. What remains to be done in order to complete the European league of peace? Nothing but a clear understanding between Germany and England. This is the work which Providence seems to have carved out for the present emperor of Germany. There is no time to be lost, and he should try to achieve it with all his might.

It is not an easy work; if it were, it would not have been delayed so long. But never was there a time more favorable than now. England and America are forgetting their petty rivalries, and there is a strong feeling on both sides of the Atlantic that war between two kindred nations would be an absurdity, and that all questions that might lead to war should be decided by arbitration. The recognition of such a principle by two of the most powerful nations in the world must react in time on the minds of European statesmen. England and Germany too are kindred nations, and though divided by the "silver streak," they feel more and more, as dynastic policy is giving way before the supremacy of the national will, that blood is thicker than water. The little squabbles arising from the new colonial enterprises of Germany are unworthy of two great nations. There is room in the world for both of them, and even side by side no colonists can work so heartily together as Germans and Englishmen.

But what makes the present moment particularly favorable for diplomatic action is the existence of a strong government in England, a government above party, or representing the best elements of both parties. Even those who form the opposition seem, with few exceptions, to be inspired by the same sentiments with regard to foreign policy as those which Lord

Salisbury has very openly expressed. There is, of course, a strong feeling that England should not with a light heart enter on a quarrel with France, but there is no necessity whatever for that. Whenever England and Germany can come to a perfect mutual understanding, the league of peace will become so powerful that no gun can be fired in the whole of Europe against the combined and compact will of England, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sweden, and Spain. To no countries will the formation of such a league be a greater blessing than to those against whom it may seem to be formed, France and Russia. If Russia can be taught that wars of conquest in Europe are hereafter a sheer impossibility, she may continue the conquest of central Asia, or, better still, begin the real conquest of Russia by means of agriculture, industry, schools, universities, and political organization. If France finds herself faced once for all by the determined no of England, Germany, Austria, Italy, and Spain, she may again enjoy peace with honor at home, and this her toiling millions will soon learn to appreciate far better than honor without peace abroad.

No doubt such a peace-insurance requires premiums. Each country will have to sacrifice something, and make up its mind once for all as to its alliances in the future. England has to choose between an alliance with Russia and France, or an alliance with Germany, Austria, Italy, Spain, and Sweden. The former means chronic war, the latter peace, at least, for some time to come. As to a mere dallying policy, it is not only unworthy of a great nation, but in the present state of Europe threatens to become suicidal. Nor should there be any secrecy about all this, but, as in the case of the treaty between Germany and Austria, there should be perfect outspokenness between nation and nation. The benefit will be immeasurable. England, Germany, Austria, Italy, Sweden, and Spain, all want peace. Not one of them wants an inch of ground in Europe more than they have at present, and yet they are crushed and crippled by their military armaments which are necessitated solely by the unfulfilled ambition of France and Russia. The majority of the French nation is still hankering for war, and if Russia could only be persuaded to join the French republic against the German Empire we should have another war more terrible than any which our century has witnessed.

But will not even France and Russia

combined recoil before the determined and united will of Europe? The present emperor of Germany is a true German, but he knows that above patriotism there soar the higher duties of humanity. The present government in England is a patriotic rather than a party government, and it has learnt this one lesson at least from the experience of free trade, that the welfare of every country is intimately connected with the welfare of its neighbors. The present government may dare to do what no mere party government would have power to do. It can speak in the name of the whole nation, and pledge the good faith, not of one party only, but of the English people at large, in support of a foreign policy which would change, as if by magic, the whole face of the world, and relieve millions of toiling and almost starving people from the crushing weight of what is called the armed peace of Europe.

There is here a glorious battle to win, more glorious even than Königgrätz and Sedan, and whatever the future may have in store for the new emperor, this work is distinctly pointed out for him to do. He has often, brave soldier that he is, expressed his horror of war, and has never hesitated to show his love and admiration for England, sometimes perhaps more than his own countrymen have liked. What the feelings of the English people are for him and his consort has been clearly shown during the last weeks. England has been truly mourning, and not even in their own country could more fervent prayers have been offered for the emperor and the empress, or more hearty sympathy have been expressed for them in their sore trials. Whatever the terms may be on which England can join the league of peace, the emperor may be trusted as an honest friend and mediator. His task will be no easy one, for his loyalty will never allow him to forget what is due to Russia as a powerful neighbor, and on many occasions a faithful ally. And if any one is strong enough in Germany to dare to satisfy some of the national desires of France, it is again he alone who as crown prince was ready to sacrifice his life for the reconquest of Alsace and Lorraine. His impulses are generous, sometimes too generous, and will have to be moderated by that wise counsellor to whom the new emperor looks up with the same trust and loyalty as his father before him. But if the new emperor craves for work, real work that is worth living for, the work is there ready

for him. As long as there is life there is hope, and as long as there is hope there ought to be life and work and devotion to royal duty. The greatest of the Hohenzollerns have always been distinguished by their indefatigable industry, their self-denial, and their exalted sense of duty. The world will wait and watch with the deepest interest whether even the shadow of death, under which, after all, all human endeavor has to be carried on, will be able to darken, or will not rather bring out in fuller relief the noble qualities inherited by the present emperor, and which from his earliest youth have made him the hope and the darling of his people.

F. MAX MULLER.

From Murray's Magazine.
SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF THE NEW
CROWN-PRINCE OF GERMANY.

BY A FORMER TUTOR.

It was between thirteen and fourteen years ago that I last saw Prince William—as I must still call him—but if it be true that the child is father to the man, I cannot but think that the estimate of him which commonly prevails in England is mistaken. That Prince William when I knew him was a frank, well-mannered, genial boy, I am quite sure. That he has developed nowadays into an imperious martinet, I for one find it impossible to believe. Indeed I heard only the other day from a German lady, whose friends had received him in their house on the occasion of some recent military manœuvres, that host and hostess had been charmed by his courtesy and kindly consideration.

My acquaintance with the prince came about very accidentally. After taking my degree at Oxford, I went to Germany to learn the language. Of what use, in a commercial sense, at least, the language was to be to me when learned, I had, it must be confessed, no very clear idea; nor indeed have I formed one since. Six months' residence at Heidelberg taught me a fair number of Americanisms, but very little German, so I determined to move out of the track of the English-speaking population, and October, 1873, found me established in Berlin. Among other introductions with which I was furnished was one to a leading *savant* of the university, Professor H—. The day after I had left my card and the letter of introduction at the professor's house, I re-

ceived a line from him, asking me to call upon him at the university.

At the time fixed I duly appeared, and after two or three indifferent remarks he asked if I was prepared to undertake some tuition. No, I replied, I had come to Berlin to learn, not to teach. I had been told, I remembered, by a professor in Heidelberg shortly before, that if I undertook tuition, it was possible I might receive as much as two shillings per lesson. But from the magnificence of this career I resolutely averted my gaze. "It is, however," persisted the professor, "in a family of a certain distinction." I bowed, but said no more, till the professor explained that the family was that of the crown-prince, that the Frau Kronprinzessin was seeking for an English tutor for her two eldest sons.

This was entirely a different matter. Now not my poverty but my will consented; the only difficulty was that my little better than schoolboy acquaintance with English history and English literature did not justify me in taking part in the education of the future ruler of the German empire, who numbered men like Gneist among his tutors. But Professor H—— reassured me; I had taken a degree that implied at least some knowledge of English, and the crown-princess wished, he said, that her sons' English tutor should be as nearly as possible of their own age.

It was arranged that I should go next day to the crown-prince's palace to see the governor of the young princes, General von G——; and I well remember how I reconnoitred the approaches from a distance, before I mustered courage to walk up under the big *porte cochère*. In my confusion, I failed to find the bell; the sentries could not understand my German, still less could I understand theirs. How at last I got in I know not, but when at length I did, I was immeasurably relieved to find that the hall porter knew what I had come about, and I was conducted to General von G—— at once. At a later period, I learned that there was a humbler door in the side street for the use of the household, and that it was not necessary for me to affront the presented arms of the sentries, or the gaze of the passers-by on the Unter den Linden. I had expected to be asked to send to England for testimonials; but the general, who by the way spoke English with great fluency and almost entire accuracy, appeared to be satisfied with the professor's recommendation, and it was settled that I should come

next day and be presented to the crown prince and princess, and then the lessons should begin at once. Prince William was to have one hour every day; but for the present, Prince Henry would continue his with the English governess.

The following afternoon I was ushered into the presence of the crown-princess. She was anxious, she said, that her son should acquire a good English accent; she herself was told by her friends when she went home that she had lost the art of talking pure English. I replied that in that case my ears must have been dulled by my residence abroad; and I plumed myself not a little upon my courtier-like answer, till I was told afterwards that it was great presumption in me to have answered at all. After enquiring for more than one of her friends among the authorities at Oxford, the princess went on to say that she wished Prince William to read Milton and Bunyan. "Paradise Lost," or at least the first few books, we accordingly studied with the most painstaking care. On one occasion I remember her Royal Highness sent for me to say what she wished read after "Paradise Lost" was finished, and I was regretfully compelled to acknowledge that we had only arrived at the second book, and that there was little prospect of our "wandering steps and slow" reaching the gates of Paradise for at least another twelvemonth. But I am anticipating.

From the crown-princess, I was taken to the crown-prince's *appartement*, but he was engaged, and I could not see him. Indeed, I never saw him to speak to but once, when he came suddenly into the room as we were at our lessons, to ask if I had enjoyed a review for which he had been so kind as to send me a special order of admission, as he did on more than one similar occasion, and I only recognized who was speaking to me by the field-marshal's *bâtons* crossed upon the collar of his military frock. But though I did not see him, I heard of him incessantly from his sons, who were evidently devoted to him. "Papa says this," and "Papa thinks that," "I will ask about it," were phrases that I heard every day of my life; and it needed but slight acquaintance with the *vie intime* of that imperial household to know that, in this instance at least, the opinion of the outside public did not err in ascribing to the crown-prince a character of frank and genial kind-heartedness.

Of his simple and affable good-nature I saw an amusing instance on the occasion of another review. There had been a

grand parade of the troops forming the Potsdam garrison. It was in honor, if I recollect right, of the emperor's birthday. The whole of the royal family had been present, and after all was over, Potsdam station was thronged with guests on their way back to Berlin. The train was just ready to start, when the crown-prince drove up in his victoria with an equerry by his side. He was ceremoniously escorted to the foot of the portable steps leading from the low platform to the door of the carriage that had been reserved for him. He was just going to get in, when in an adjoining compartment he caught sight of an officer of his acquaintance. "We'll get in there," he said. "But, your Imperial Highness," protested the astonished official, "it's second-class!" "What matters that?" laughed the crown-prince, and catching hold of the door-handle, up he clambered, and the train moved off. But never shall I forget the face of horror with which the station-master rushed into his office to telegraph to the Berlin authorities that their future emperor might shortly be expected to arrive, travelling second-class.

It was at this same review that I first saw my two young princes in uniform. They had recently been gazetted as second lieutenants in his Majesty's First Regiment of Foot Guards. Even among the splendid troops of the Prussian Guard, the First Regiment are conspicuous as a race of giants, and their stature is made yet more lofty by the headdress that they wear. What its correct name may be I know not, but it may often be seen in pictures of the time of the great Frederick, and except that it is taller, it looks not unlike a mitre without the division down the centre. In this towering head-gear, little Prince Henry, who was only aged eleven, looked for all the world, as he marched past by the side of his men, as if his childish face was situated in the middle of his body. The Prussian troops have an exceptionally long parade-step, and the boy tried hard to keep pace; but the effort was too severe, and every now and then he was forced to trot a little way. But as he passed his grandfather, he dressed up correctly, and then as he came to the salute, regardless of discipline, looked up and smiled in conscious satisfaction.

Reviews and similar state functions were the only interruptions to the work of the young princes. I remember that a week or two before Christmas, thinking that I should like to go home for a few

days, I asked General von G——, who was always present during our lessons, sitting at the other side of the table, when the holidays began. "The prince never has any holidays," was the startling reply, and it was strictly true. An hour's lecture at a German university never lasts longer than three-quarters of an hour, but Prince William went on for the entire morning, with only the half-minute's break that was afforded as one professor rose to go, and a second entered the room and took his place. And if the full tale of sixty minutes was reduced by one through the unpunctuality of the master, a heavy frown used to cloud the kindly features of his governor.

And judging not only by the prince's general intelligence and information, which was quite exceptional for his age (for of course I had no opportunity of testing his scholastic attainments beyond my own special subject), but by his knowledge of English, it certainly must be confessed that this system was successful. After an experience of teaching many hundreds of English boys of the same age, I do not hesitate to say that Prince William could write English as well, and knew as much of English history and English literature, as boys of fifteen at an ordinary English public school. His mistakes in composition were, no doubt, of a different class. He wrote Germanisms, while an English lad's faults would rather be slipshod grammar, or colloquialisms. But he had no difficulty in expressing himself in English so as to make his meaning perfectly distinct; while as for talking, he spoke it just as fluently as I did. On one occasion, I remember, he brought me a birthday letter to Queen Victoria to correct. I went through the first page with him, pointing out that we should turn this phrase that way, and alter the other to something else, till I stopped short and told him that the whole of the letter was perfectly intelligible, and that probably his grandmother would sooner receive a letter from him than a letter from me.

Nothing could be more simple and natural than the lives the princes lived. Whether in their schoolrooms, their meals, or the manner in which they were treated, there was but little to distinguish them from the children of any gentleman of good fortune. The words "Royal Highness" were never used. "Prince" or "Prince William" was the universal form, except indeed from their governor, who more often perhaps used the phrase *lieber Prinz*. Certainly, however, the *du*,

which naturally belongs to the German schoolboy, was replaced by the more respectful *Sie*. We used to shake hands unceremoniously every day, and Prince William would chat about what he had been doing; that Professor Helmholtz had told him this, or that Count Moltke had explained to him that; or again he would enquire whether I had been present at such and such a concert, or seen the last new play. He was very fond, I remember, of fairy stories, and lent me more than one of Lord Brabourne's books. And much excitement was caused on one occasion in the unfashionable street in which I lodged, by a *fourgon*, with two servants in the imperial liveries, driving up to deliver one of these volumes at my rooms. In return I gave him a copy of "Alice in Wonderland," but I doubt if its fun impressed him as much as it might have done.

Much has been said and written about Prince William's crippled arm that is far from accurate. I had been in the habit of sitting close beside him every day for weeks, before I ever noticed that his arm was in any way different from that of other people. Even then, I only observed it, because my attention was called to it by others. Then I perceived that the left arm was always in almost exactly the same attitude, and that the prince could only move it very slightly, bending it a little up or a little down from its normal position across his body, as though it were fixed in an invisible sling; and that if he wished to use it to steady the sheet of paper on which he was writing, he was obliged to raise it on to the table with the other hand. No doubt this lack of power is a great loss and inconvenience, especially to so ardent a soldier as Prince William, for it compels him, I understand, to ride only horses that have been specially trained for his use, but it is fortunately no disfigurement whatever.

It was not often I was reminded of the existence of the restraints of a court. Still on one occasion when I told Prince Heinrich, who persisted in an incapacity to distinguish "who" and "how," that if he made the mistake again, I should have to set him to write out each word a hundred times, I was warned by a slight rise in the eyebrows of the watchful general, that princes might not be set impositions like meaner folk. Another time it was Prince Heinrich himself who reminded me, and on this wise. We were reading the story of the boyhood of King Alfred, how his mother promised to give him her illumi-

nated song-book as soon as he could read it, and how he went out and found himself a master, and soon learned to read. I was endeavoring to cultivate his faculty of historical criticism, by showing that a careful comparison of the dates proved the story impossible. "Oh! of course it can't be true, Mr. —," burst in the young prince; "why, I am very nearly twelve, and I should never be allowed to go about Berlin by myself."

Indeed, the history that we read was chiefly that of the Anglo-Saxons, or, as in those days I should have been careful to call them, the "Old English." I have often since felt constrained to trust that my successors made more rapid progress through the centuries than I did. Otherwise I fear Prince William can hardly yet have heard of the death of Queen Anne. Not but that there were advantages in remaining among the musty records of the Dark Ages. I used to wonder how, when we came to the reign of George III., I should manage to tell Prince William my honest opinion of his ancestor's capacities as a statesman, or of the prince regent's claim to the title of the first gentleman of Europe.

But one day I was forced to confront a somewhat similar problem. I had no sooner opened the door of his schoolroom than the prince met me. "Mr. —, Uncle —" (I dare not give the name, lest Mr. Labouchere should give notice of a question on the subject in the House of Commons), "Uncle — says that Oliver Cromwell was a horrid beast. What do you think?"

What my answer was, I have quite forgotten.

There was an old servant of the prince's who was rather a *bête noire* of mine. I often longed to tip him, but could never muster up sufficient courage. Prince William once had a day's holiday on a Saturday, and so I ran over to Dresden. When I got there, I telegraphed for leave to omit the Monday's lesson also. The following Tuesday, the old man said something to me about the expense of telegraphing. Supposing that there had been some extra charge, I took out some money, and asked how much. He explained that he only feared that the telegram had cost me a good deal. I verily believe he wanted to tip me, only that he was just as shy as I was.

But the dog heats of July had come, and Berlin, not yet supplied with its admirable drainage system of to-day, was becoming unbearable. The princes were to remove

to Potsdam, and at the beginning of September were to be entered at the *Gymnasium* at Cassel. So I resigned my post, but I still hold an imposing document sealed with the imperial arms, testifying that my "lessons were attended with great success, and had given general satisfaction." Since then I have given many hundreds of lessons to many hundreds of boys. Some of them, I trust, have been attended with success, and have given satisfaction. But a more promising pupil than Prince William, or more gentlemanly, frank, and natural boys than both Prince William and his younger brother, I can honestly say it has never been my lot to meet with.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
POOR MR. PEPYS!

THE STORY OF HIS TRIAL, 1679-80.

LITTLE did Samuel Pepys dream of the trouble that there was in store for him, when, in July, 1673, he received his patent as secretary to the new Board of Admiralty, which had been appointed because the Duke of York had been forced to lay down his office of lord admiral. This was on account of the Test Act. With, doubtless, much regret at the duke's temporary exile from public life, our diarist found himself a gainer. He was to move from his old familiar haunts in City lanes, and to leave the temporary quarters which he had occupied since the burning of the old Navy Office in Crutched Friars in January, 1673. His new abode would be in an aristocratic quarter, and Mr. Secretary Pepys could now entertain his old friends, the rich City bankers and merchants, with much more of the court news and gossip than in former days. What between the disastrous fire at Crutched Friars, and this new change in Pepys's career, we have some cause for feeling satisfaction that the diary, that unique autobiographical fragment, was not lost to the many generations of the future who have so delighted in it.

The new Admiralty Board, of which Lord Shaftesbury was the first lord, after working for several months without a proper office of their own, at length, in January, 1674, took up their official duties in the fine town mansion of Derby House, and their secretary resided there for rather more than five years. It stood at the eastern end of Channel or Cannon Row, Westminster, close to where the Civil

Service Commission Office now is. Derby House faced the privy gardens of the palace and overlooked the old royal highway of Whitehall, while in the other direction the broad sweeping bend of the river was visible from beyond old Somerset House, past numerous river-gates and water-stairs of the fine row of noblemen's houses in the Strand, as far as the Parliament House. The house appears to have had a water-gate of its own, and Mr. Pepys a handsome barge at his service.

Occupied with his daily work there, and enjoying somewhat of a country outing during the summer months, when my lords and their secretary attended on the king at Hampton Court Palace, Mr. Pepys had nothing much to grumble at. Beyond some pressure of work in the spring of 1678, when war with France loomed as a near possibility, there is nothing particularly worthy of mention. True, his health was a matter of complaint in the autumn of 1677, when he wrote a long and detailed account of "the present ill state of my health." His eyes were once more a source of trouble, and "paine in my eyes" is recorded, for which probably the following quaint recipe (still to be found among his original papers) was used: * —

Receipt for the Eyes. — Green Hazle-Nutts lesse than halfe ripe Splitt and Distill'd. To each Pint put 2 ounces of Lapis caliminaris. In the application every night and morning drop 4 or 5 drops from a Spooone into each eye.

He also complained of "scurvy," or the bad state of his skin, and how greatly it was affected by excess of either heat or cold in the weather; while, lastly, comes a description of his sufferings from "wind cholicke." Nevertheless, he still consoled himself with his old affection for music, and obtained the services of a talented foreign musician from Lisbon, named Cesare Morelli. Early in 1675 the latter came to live with Pepys, receiving a stipend of £30 a year, and in return singing and playing on the lute for his master's diversion. For some time Pepys did not trouble himself about Morelli's religion, in spite of the increasing fierceness of public feeling against Roman Catholics, as the friend by whose good offices Pepys had heard of Morelli had given him the character of being such a moderate Catholic, that in fanatical Lisbon, where Jesuitism and the cursed *auto-da-fé* guarded men's consciences, he was under some

* To be found in Rawlinson MS. A. 185, f. 337, at the Bodleian Library.

suspicion. As for Pepys's own religious professions, before attacking that question, which is by no means so transparent as Lord Braybrooke asserts, we must revert to an incident that occurred in 1674.

The then member for Castle Rising having received a peerage, a new writ for the borough was issued in October, 1673, and Samuel Pepys successfully contested the election against a lawyer, Robert Offley by name. The latter had been doing his best to damage our worthy's reputation by proclaiming him to be a Papist, so that Pepys found himself hooted as a Papist wherever he went. To counteract this he obtained a certificate from the clergy of the neighboring town of Lynn assuring the electors of Castle Rising that he was a true Protestant.* In January, 1674, Offley petitioned against Pepys's return, and the subject came before the House of Commons during the next month, when investigation showed that the charge against Pepys of his being a Papist rested on the reported testimony of Lord Shaftesbury and Sir John Banks.

The latter, in reply to the speaker of the Commons, said that during frequent visits to the Navy Office and to Pepys's house there, he had never seen any altar or crucifix, and did not believe him Popishly inclined.

Lord Shaftesbury's evidence is rather peculiar. He at first denied seeing an altar, but had "some imperfect memory of seeing somewhat which he conceived to be a crucifix." This, however, he could not swear to, owing to his imperfect memory of it. On a previous day Pepys had risen from his seat in the House with a flat contradiction of ever having had anywhere in his house any altar, crucifix, or the image or picture of any saint. So, after hearing Shaftesbury's evasive answer read to the House, Pepys sent him a letter remarking upon "the injurious consequence of that ambiguity," and pointing out how easily a table might be mistaken for an altar. But, in regard to the crucifix, he conjured his lordship "to give the House a categoricall answer, one way or t'other, to-morrow morning in the business of the crucifix," whether it was aye or no. There is no answer to this letter among the Pepys papers, but a further letter from Lord Shaftesbury gives the

following explanation to the House of Commons, which it is hard to reconcile with his other evidence as recorded in the Commons' journals:—

I never designed to be a witness against any man for what I either heard or saw, and therefore did not take so exact notice of the things enquired of as to be able to remember them so clearly as it is requisite to do in a testimony upon honor or oath, or to so great and honorable a body as the House of Commons, it being some years' distance since I was at Mr. Pepys's lodgings. Only that particular of an altar is so signal that I must have remembered it had I seen any such thing, which I am sure I do not.*

However, the matter came abruptly to an end by the prorogation of Parliament, and although the House had not had time to vote on the merits of the case, Pepys retained his seat for Castle Rising. It is, indeed, difficult to form a fair judgment of this case, and one is inclined to stand by Pepys's word of honor. But facts to be mentioned shortly, together with an entry in the diary under date of July 20, 1666, of a crucifix, throw just a suspicion of doubt whether at this time Pepys's religious professions were not beginning to waver, and to become double-sided, so as to suit the Church of England orthodoxy required of all persons holding official positions, and at the same time to include a strong sympathy with the Catholicism openly professed by the Duke of York, his former kind patron, whose influence in the future it would have been foolish not to reckon upon.

Time rolled on and the Jesuit conspiracy of 1678 led to an act of Parliament being passed by which Roman Catholics were shut out from both houses of the legislature, while Lord Shaftesbury led an attack, not only against the Papists, but also against the Duke of York, whom he wished to see excluded from the king's council. In January, 1679, the long Parliament of the Restoration was dissolved by the king, in order to avoid the difficulties of the position in which he and his brother were placed.

Now Pepys found that his former electors had turned against him with the cry of *No Popery!* and that the two new candidates for Castle Rising, honored friends of his, were instigating this opposition. He expressed neither surprise nor disappointment at this, and comforted himself with the knowledge of "having the good fortune of being so much better under-

* The date of this document as given in Smith's Correspondence of Pepys, i. 142, note, is wrongly quoted, and has led Mr. Wheatley astray in his "Pepys and the World he Lived in," as to the date of Pepys being made secretary of the admiralty. It should be 3 Nov. 1673: vide Rawlinson MS. A. 172, f. 159.

* These two letters are in Rawlinson MS. A. 172. I have not met with them in print.

stood elsewhere, as to have at this time invitations from the magistracy of no less than three several corporations of somewhat greater names, though not more in my esteem than that of theirs [Castle Rising], to accept of their elections." Of the three places mentioned, Harwich was the one that chose him, and in March he found himself returned as member for that town, together with Sir Anthony Deane, a distinguished naval architect holding a high official position.

After the excitement of the general election was over, the king felt himself to be in much the same difficulties as before. A bill of attainder was brought against the Earl of Danby, and the Exclusion Bill was vigorously pushed on in the Commons, to disable the Duke of York, as a Papist, from succeeding to the crown. The duke quickly found it expedient to go abroad for a time, and thus revived memories of his former period of exile at the Hague and at Brussels.

Just about this time a new Board of Admiralty was appointed, of which Sir Henry Capel became first lord, with somewhat fuller powers than Lord Shaftesbury's board had held. Pepys was greatly disquieted on hearing of this change, fearing that the new members would use him "till they have obtained a stock of knowledge of their own; and then, farewell!" He had also heard a rumor which had been spread abroad to damage him, viz., that so long as Mr. Pepys was secretary of the admiralty, the Duke of York would be "in effect admiral." Accordingly, Pepys wrote a long letter to the duke, dated May 6, setting forth his fears, grumbling at his "odious secretaryship," and beseeching his Royal Highness to move the king to cause him to be transferred from his secretary's post to a seat on the Board of Admiralty.

But the part of the letter which is to us most important is the following remarkable statement, made directly and without qualification:—

For what concerns my own particular your Highness was pleased to foretell me, at your going hence, what I was soon after to look for; and it is come to pass. For whether I will or no, a Papist I must be, because favored by your Royal Highness, and found endeavoring, on all fitting occasions, to express, in the best manner I can, the duty and gratitude due to your Highness from me. But how injuriously soever some would make those just endeavors of mine towards your Highness inconsistent with Protestantism, neither they, nor any ill-usage I can receive from them, shall by the grace of God, make me any more quit the

one, than I suspect your Royal Highness will ever take offence at my perseverance in the other.*

Here is a plain, unvarnished, double-sided confession, weighing personal advantage in the future and well-timed care of self against consistency and firmness of conscience, that coward conscience! Of course the times were hard for many to live in comfortably without a fair elasticity of thought and belief, and we must give Mr. Pepys the full benefit implied in that fact. But we can hardly agree with Lord Braybrooke that "there is no reason for believing that any such temptation [of conversion to Catholicism] ever entered his mind; or if it did . . . that it was steadily and successfully resisted."†

The duke acknowledged this letter, and at once wrote to the king to beg that Pepys's wish might, if possible, be complied with. Before, however, either of the duke's letters arrived, an unexpectedly sudden transformation had occurred in Pepys's usually quiet routine life.

A House of Commons committee of inquiry into the miscarriages of the navy had been appointed in April, 1679, and more than once Pepys had appeared before it to explain matters, not hearing a suspicion breathed against him. He must, therefore, have been intensely surprised when, at the usual sitting of the House, on Tuesday, May 20, the chairman of this committee, William Harbord, reported charges against Pepys and his colleague, Deane, of nothing less than Popery, treason, piracy, and felony.

The charges briefly stated were as follows:—

1. For equipping the sloop *Hunter* at Portsmouth in 1673 out of the king's stores there, with other persons; Pepys obtaining a commission of reprisal for her as a privateer, while Deane wrote to the captain of the *Hunter* directing him to go to one of the French ports, to receive from the French authorities a like commission against the Dutch. That this privateer, by alleged piratical proceedings, caused great damage to the owners of a certain English vessel, and that her commission against the Dutch was a breach of treaties with the States-General.

2. For treasonable correspondence with the French, in order to carry on the Popish plot against his Majesty, viz., that charts of the English coast and harbors,

* Braybrooke's edition of the *Diary*, iv. 213.

† *Ibid.*, i. xxi.

plans of some of H.M.'s ships, and detailed information relating to the British navy were furnished by Pepys and carried over by Deane to the French naval authorities.

3. A charge against Pepys only of being a Papist, on the evidence of his former butler, one John James.

On this last charge Mr. Harbord made the following remark: "There have been reflections upon Pepys formerly as to his religion; and by collateral proof, I shall much convince the House, that he is not of our religion. I am sorry I must say it of a man I have lived well withal."

Then came the time for the accused members to defend themselves. Mr. Pepys rose first, and in a firm, concise speech proceeded to deal with the several charges in the order given above, repudiating them with scorn, and claiming further inquiry. The following paragraphs are the gist of his *apologia*.

"It is a mighty misfortune that I am charged with so many accumulative ills at once, and all by surprise. I will not speak by way of complaint of the proceeding, but bemoaning myself in this charge upon me of breach of my duty to the king, my country, and the government; in all which respects if I am guilty and what is charged is true, I deserve to be thought the greatest criminal in the world."

Charge 1. "I knew neither ship nor share in her, nor the cause there depending. If I did, never trust me more. . . . If any man will say I know a word of the ship *Hunter*, etc., to be true, I will give it under my hand, that I am the greatest villain in Nature."

Charge 2. "As for the charge of Colonel Scott,* (Lord, Sir!) it is a crime upon me of that weight, a man of my place, and in a time so dangerous, that I am willing to contribute to my own prosecution to clear myself." He then denied knowing or having ever seen Scott, and went on to say: "Now whether Scott does this to quit scores with me, I know not; but this I am sure of, for writing into France, to the ambassador, or any French minister, or for communicating any of these weighty secrets, it is out of my province, for the fashions of ships, etc. are entirely out of my watch. . . . He tells us that the papers in France, etc., were signed by me. 'Tis Scott's 'Yea, by report;' 'tis my 'No, before God Almighty.' I have ever

industriously avoided being within the smell of the French ambassador."

Charge 3. "As for this James, this is an information of a servant against his master, and a member of the House, and that member never called to the Committee to hear it. For the thing itself, this man was my butler, recommended to me by Sir R. Mason; he had been servant to Sir William Coventry,* and in his way was a very ingenious servant; but it was his ill-luck to fall into an amour with my housekeeper, and, as fortune was, Morelli overheard their intrigues, and caught them together at an unseasonable time of the night. It was Sunday, 3 o'clock in the morning (the better day, the better deed). I turned him away, and he was never in my house since; but I had cause of suspicion that James came within my house at a window and robbed me." Then referring to Morelli's position in his house, Pepys concluded his defence by saying: "He [Morelli] shall attend you, when you please; and if he lives not with all the harmlessness and virtue that a stranger can live in a strange country, never credit me more. This is as much as a member can say in such a matter."

Thus did Mr. Pepys, who in former days had gained such credit for himself in defending the officials of the Navy Office at the bar of the House of Commons, attempt to disarm the adversaries who had directed an almost entirely personal attack on him. He was followed by his friend Sir Anthony Deane, who, in a rather lame, half-apologetic speech, allowed that he had been connected with the privateer *Hunter*, but had never seen a penny of any prize-money from her. He stoutly denied having ever had anything to do with any treasonable correspondence with France, and wound up by appealing to his service of nineteen years under the Admiralty, and by asking whether, with a family of twelve children, it was likely that he should attempt such a thing, when he was so contented with his present office.†

But these appeals were of no avail when the word *treason* had once been mentioned in connection with their names, and both of the accused were committed by the House to the tender charge of their serjeant-at-arms.

On the next day but one, Mr. Harbord

* This second charge was preferred on the evidence of a man known as Colonel Scott. He had been arrested in 1673 at Folkestone under suspicion of being a spy, and Pepys had given orders in connection with this arrest.

* Sir W. Coventry afterwards rose to say that when James was with him as a butler "his service was not so direct as to recommend him to a friend."

† For the speeches at greater length see Grey's *Debates*, vii. 303.

made a further report concerning Pepys and Deane, and brought one of his witnesses, the captain of the Hunter, to the bar of the House. Upon this, the speaker issued a warrant for their commitment into the custody of the constable of the Tower, while the attorney-general was ordered to prosecute them forthwith, on the evidence collected by Mr. Harbord. A week later (May 30) they moved for a writ of habeas corpus, which was granted, and by virtue of which they were taken to the Court of King's Bench. The attorney-general was not in court through illness, but sent word that he had not yet received information against Pepys and Deane, and therefore left the court to deal with them. To their request, however, to be discharged, since no cause had been assigned in the warrant for their commitment, and since the Parliament that had committed them had been prorogued, Justice Pemberton replied that the charges made against them were "of the most dangerous importance," and that it was not fit for the court to discharge them.

On Monday, June 2, the last day of the Easter term, they were again brought to the King's Bench, and bail being denied them, they pressed for a speedy trial. Deane was promised trial on his single charge of felony for using the king's stores at the next Winchester assizes; while both would, if more evidence could be obtained, be tried on the joint charge of treason in the Trinity term. The attorney-general was obliged to confess that he had only one witness for the charge of treason, which would not be enough to found any indictment upon, yet was sufficient for commitment; but he added that such commitment without bail would not be very grievous, as the Trinity vacation was less than three weeks in length.

Accordingly, on the first day of Trinity term (June 20) they once more appeared before the court, praying for their trial, and received once more Mr. Attorney-General Jones's assurance that he was not yet ready, through want of further evidence. But in consideration of no cause being named in the warrant for their commitment, they were discharged from the State prison of the Tower, that special destination of all persons over whom hung any suspicion of treason, to the King's Bench prison in Southwark. This stood close to the better-known Marshalsea, and was the place of confinement for debtors and persons sentenced to a term of imprisonment for libels and other misdemeanors. Here they remained a shorter time than in

the Tower, and at length on July 9, the last day of Trinity term, were summoned before the court to obtain bail in £30,000 each, as the evidence against Pepys was not found positive, and Deane's trial at Winchester could not take place yet. Their imprisonment was now over, but justice was as far off as ever, and they therefore renewed their request for a trial.

During his confinement in the Tower, Pepys had been very busy in writing to various friends asking them to help him in obtaining evidence against the charge of treason. He had not been without visits from his trusted friend John Evelyn, who dined with him more than once, and sent a piece of venison; from his old city acquaintance James Houblon, and from his former clerk, Thomas Hayter, who had succeeded to Pepys's post at Derby House, when the latter was so suddenly "laid aside." There were in the Tower at the same time the Earl of Danby and several of the Catholic lords, who were charged with being concerned in the Popish plot. We find Danby writing from his quarters in the Tower, on August 1, thus: "I was never so sensible of the punishment of my imprisonment as by the hot weather," so that Mr. Pepys had something to congratulate himself upon in obtaining timely freedom.*

This was the first stage of that mock trial of delay and suspense which Pepys and his colleague had to undergo. During the long vacation they received and declined another invitation from the corporation of Harwich to serve them in the approaching Parliament, and Pepys was busy down in Oxfordshire for a short time, while in September he was attending at Windsor upon the king and his brother.† This latter service gave rise to a false and lying piece of coffee-house scandal. In October he was again complaining of his eyes, and apologized to some of his correspondents for being compelled to make use of an amanuensis. Since his release from prison Pepys had lived with William Hewer, his former clerk and private secretary, at a house in York Buildings. This block of houses stood between the Strand and the river, occupying part of the site of York House, the historical town residence of the Buckingham family, whose arms are still to be seen on its sole-surviving relic, the Water Gate.

* Ninth report of Historical MSS. Commission, ii. 456 a.

† See Rawlinson MS. A. 194, ff. 34, 55, 81.

On the first day of Michaelmas term, October 23, the two accused officials appeared to plead for their trial, but without success. The new attorney-general, Levins, did not present himself. After repeated efforts again made to be either tried or discharged, even though the king himself had requested the attorney-general to hasten their business, they could not obtain a hearing till the new year of 1680 was three weeks old. Then, on the opening day of Hilary term, January 23, they demanded in due form their discharge under the Habeas Corpus Act, by having pressed for their trial on the first and last day of every term since their commitment. To this answer was returned that they would not come under the act, having been committed before it came into operation on June 1. The court, however, ruled that the first commitment was void, as being found illegal by reason of its having been *sine causa*, and that they were committed *de novo* on June 20.

Up to this time Pepys had had great quakings of heart about the charge of treason, having been distinctly told during a private interview with the new attorney-general at his chambers in Gray's Inn, that that crime, if proved, "would be judged very great and capital." Now he received the more cheering news that, as there was still only one witness for the high-treason charge, it was impossible to draw up a capital indictment. The charge of felony against Deane, too, would be only a misdemeanor. Emboldened by this, Pepys urged for a trial rather than a discharge, on the substantial grounds that they had been four terms, or the best part of a year, in the hands of the court, and that witnesses from France, Flanders, and Holland had come over, at great expense, for several months, were then coming, and that others who had returned would come a second time. Deane also thought fit to announce that he had had a fresh appointment offered him by the Admiralty as surveyor-general of dockyards, but that he had chosen to decline it rather than hold a responsible post under so great an accusation without opportunity of clearing himself.

The lord chief justice at length interferred, remarking to the attorney-general that "these gentlemen should not be kept in this condition under bail, and with the imputation of treason upon them (which was very grievous) indefinitely." Thereupon, on February 12, the last day of Hilary term, Pepys and Deane were discharged from the bail of £30,000 apiece,

and entered into recognizances of £1,000 each for their appearance on the first day of Trinity term. The Easter term was allowed to pass without anything being done in it for two reasons. At that time Parliament would reassemble, and Pepys did not wish to "be brought upon the stage in the very beginning of their heats." He also said that private affairs called him very earnestly into the country.

Finally, on June 30, 1680, the end of Trinity term, their worry and anxiety, which had been spread over the disgraceful and wearisome length of thirteen months, ceased. "They appeared in court, and upon their motion for being discharged the Lord Chief Justice asked Mr. Attorney-General what he had to say against it. Who answering that he had nothing more than what he had told the court formerly, the Court, without any more words at all on any side, told them they were discharged, and directed them to depart. Which they accordingly forthwith did."

So closes the record of this shameful business, which perhaps was only the type of many similar cases.* The sword of Damocles was no longer a terror, and Pepys lost no time in announcing his freedom to his many friends. Thus he writes to his old friend, James Houblon:—

I could not but give you ye earliest notice I could of my being at last, what I had long time been, had others been as just as you were charitable, and myself blameless; I mean, a Freeman, vizt., in every circumstances, but that of my obligations to you and your Family, which nothing but ye grave shall, or can, or ought to put an end to.†

And to another of his correspondents he writes: "However, as the world goes, justice ought to be welcome at any time; and so I receive it, with thanks to God Almighty, who might have respited his goodness till (as from all appearances I feared) justice might have been yet less easy to come by."

But, according to our ideas, justice had not been done to Pepys and his fellow-sufferer, and, as Ralph, the historian, truly remarks, "If innocent, they suffered too much; if guilty, too little; and Justice was equally offended either way."‡ Nev-

* Throughout this attempt at a trial my authority has been Rawlinson MS. A. 188, ff. 66-84, headed, "A Journal of ye principall Passages relatinge to the comitment of Sr. Anto. Deane and Mr. Pepys, and the Proceedings thereon, to ye day of their Discharge." It has not, I believe, been used before.

† Rawlinson MS. A. 194, f. 168.

‡ History of England, i. 450.

ertheless, before closing this paper, it will be only fair to lay before the reader a summary of facts which go far towards showing that Pepys and Deane were innocent of the main charge laid against them. It is impossible at this date to pronounce a verdict of *Not guilty* on all the points of the case, and we must remain satisfied with the presumptive proofs afforded by *ex parte* statements.

1. As regards the charge of piracy, we have not sufficient information to be able to decide either for or against the accused. The subject is dwelt upon by Bishop Burnet from a point of view that is unfavorable to Pepys; but as after events proved it to be of no serious consequence to the nation, we are able to leave it alone without much regret.

2. The charge of Popery rested on the statements of John James, ex-butler to Pepys, a scurrilous creature who had been persuaded to give his evidence to Harbord, by the advice of a Colonel Mansell. He was told that "to reveal it would be a piece of service both to the king and country, and the Protestant religion." For his own part also, James wished to wipe off the grudge that he owed Pepys, both for his dismissal and for two robberies at Derby House which had been laid at his door.

The accusations were that Pepys and Morelli were always singing psalms and "using other devotions after the Romish manner;" that the former "never used one word of the service of the Church of England, nor had so much as a Bible in his family (that ever I saw) except one in the office that they used to swear people by;" and that, after the Royal Proclamation was issued commanding all Roman Catholics to leave London, Pepys still kept Morelli in his house secretly, "and at length sent him privately away out at the back water-gate in a pair of oars with all his trunks and other things with him." James added that, having been in Spain and Italy, he knew the ways of Catholics both as to their churches and the priests who lived with persons of quality.

The rest of his evidence, together with the pamphlets called "Plane Truth," which Lord Braybrooke attributes with some probability to this sneaking individual, are nothing but a string of libellous allusions to the pride, presumption, and greed of gain of his late master, the orthography of which is fearfully wonderful, as might be expected, and the style a mixture of atrocious grammar and "high-fallutin" gibberish.

That a certain substratum of truth underlay some of James's statements, we might guess from the events of former years, but it is impossible to sift the wholesale pack of lies for which he was responsible. Pepys's own defence was silent on the Popery question, as it was no doubt a highly inconvenient and disagreeable enemy to conscience.

James was taken seriously ill not long after he had offered his evidence, and lay at his mother's house incapable of presenting himself in court. After about six months' illness he died on March 20, 1680, confessing on his death-bed the malice that he had wrought against the master who returned good for evil by sending him a clergyman to attend to "his soul's health," for which, wrote Pepys, "I am truly concerned, however he has been misled, to the occasioning me much evil."*

3. The important charge of treason is fortunately the one on which we are able to throw most light. Indeed, we can say that the charge was trumped up and carried through by one man, whose character it will be our first purpose to investigate and lay bare in all its villainy.

John Scott was born at Ashford, in Kent, being the son of a poor miller whose widow emigrated during the Civil War to New England. There he was apprenticed, but afterwards went to Long Island, where he managed to educate himself above the standard of the other colonists, till at the time of the Restoration he thought he would like to see London. Returning to Long Island in 1663, he began a life of rascality, which forced him to sail to the West Indies, to escape a sheriff's warrant. He once again came to England, in 1667, giving out that he was an authority on America and the West Indies. By some means he obtained a warrant from Charles II. appointing him geographer royal.† In this document, dated 1668, he is styled Major John Scott. He then crossed over into Holland, and representing himself "as one of the greatest engineers in the world," obtained from the grand pensionary, John de Witt, the rank of lieutenant-colonel of a foot regiment. After spending several years thus, he went on to Paris, leaving behind him, among the Hollanders, an unenviable reputation. We are told that many of the Dutch and English merchants gave him a very scandalous character, and reported

* For facts relating to James, see Rawlinson MS. A. 173.

† Rawlinson, A. 175, f. 188.

that he had been kicked, beaten, and called traitor, coward, and cheat.*

His stay of several months in Paris led to the charge against Pepys, which we are now considering. Scott's arrest at Folkestone in 1678 has been already referred to, and it will suffice to quote the description then given of him.

He has one or both legs crooked, a proper, well-sett man, in a great light cockered Perriwig, rough-visaged, having large haire on his eye-brows, hollow-eyed, a little squinting or a cast in his eye, full-faced about ye cheekes, about 46 years of age, with a black hatt, and in a straight-boddy'd coate, cloath colour with silver lace behind.

Such was the knave whose life of scoundrelism led him to assert that he was a near relative to the old Kentish family of Scott of Scot's Hall; and who, after quarrelling with the Duke of York about matters in Long Island, gave out that, having killed a page of the duke's, he was cruelly pursued into Holland in 1668 by the latter. Pepys soon disproved the first statement by receiving a disclaimer from the Scott family, while the last was a sheer fabrication.

Scott gave evidence on oath that in August, 1675, he saw at the house of M. Georges Pelissari, the treasurer of the French navy, the maps and other documents referred to before, which M. Pelissari had had sent to him by Colbert's son, Seignelay, for the use of a clever French naval officer, Captain Herouard de La Piogerie. Furthermore, he swore that these documents contained a letter with Pepys's signature, that they had all been brought over by Sir Anthony Deane, and that he saw them again at Captain La Piogerie's lodgings in the Faubourg St. Germain, when that officer told him that the traitors who had brought them over were of the devil's religion, and that there was a mystery in the matter that he dared not speak of.

On this evidence had the charge of treason been founded. It was very satisfactory to Scott to know that the two principal persons referred to were dead. M. Georges Pelissari died in 1676, while Captain La Piogerie had fallen during the Count d'Estrées's attack on the Dutch island of Tobago, in the following year. It might have been only too useful, had the trial come off, for him to have met disagreeable questions with testimony beyond the reach of contradiction.

Mr. Pepys managed to collect a large

body of facts by the help of various people, but chiefly through his brother-in-law, Balthazar St. Michell, "Brother Balty," as he generally called him. Brother Balty spent many months in Paris, and succeeded in obtaining a deposition from a Portuguese living in Paris, a Captain Moralis, to the effect that in 1676, at a supper which he had given to Scott, the latter told him that the Duke of York and his brother, the king, had done him great injustice in turning him out of a command held by him in New York. "I am," said Scott, "about a thing here will make them all repent the injustice they have done me." And some few days later Moralis saw him with some large papers under his arm, like maps, and Scott had told him "in a pleasant humor that those would be his relief."† Strangely enough, too, upon Scott's arrest in 1678, the lord mayor caused his lodgings, at Canning Street, in the city, over a hatter's shop, to be searched, and there were more papers and documents answering to those described in the charge against Pepys.

From the widow of M. Georges Pelissari, through her young nephew, Paul Thevenin, and from the porter of her house, Moreau by name, came flat contradictions of Scott's having ever been familiar with M. Pelissari. Scott, with some other Englishman, had applied to the naval treasurer about a contract for making cannon for the French navy, but, although they were very importunate in endeavoring to obtain acquaintance with him, they had not succeeded.‡ The Marquis de Seignelay, indeed, thought he remembered Pepys during his visit to England, in 1671, but Pepys says, "I persuade myself he takes me for Mr. Wren" (the duke's secretary at that time), for he found letters between them, and adds that he could not "be so wholly stript of all memory of his person."†

We therefore find that Scott was lying with a deliberate, cold-blooded purpose. Much more evidence to the same effect could be given if it were necessary. But it is not, and nothing remains now but to note what is known of Scott's later life. He had left London during Pepys's applications for a trial, and is next heard of as being "wanted" in 1681 for the murder of a hackney coachman at a public-house on Tower Hill. In 1683 he was met in Christiania by a Norwegian skipper, who wrote to inform Mr. Pepys of the fact.

* Rawlinson MS. A. 194, f. 164.

† Rawlinson MS. A. 188, ff. 208, 216.

‡ Ibid. A. 194, f. 29.

* Ibid. A. 188, f. 315, etc.

The latter was on the point of embarking with the expedition to Tangier, and replied that he had not any thoughts of revenge towards Scott, but should be glad to hear of any confession made. This we do not meet with, and after receiving a pardon in 1696 for the murder he had committed Scott returned to England, and is heard of no more.*

Poor Mr. Pepys had had a hard time of it altogether, and we must sincerely pity him, except, perhaps, on the score of his religious shakiness. His troubles at this period have not before been told at any length nor with accuracy on many points, and this, therefore, must be the present writer's apology for offering an account of them, which has been drawn almost wholly from the original Pepys MSS. in the Bodleian Library. GEORGE F. HOOPER.

* I have to acknowledge the help that a privately printed book by Mr. G. D. Scull has given me. It is entitled, *Dorothea Scott, otherwise Gotherson & Hogben, of Egerton House, Kent, 1611-1680*; Oxford, 1883, and contains information as to John Scott.

From The Nineteenth Century.
ONE DAY'S SPORT IN INDIA.

NOT in the feverish jungles of the Terai or the central provinces, not in the hot and steamy lowlands of Bengal, but on the grassy and undulating slopes of the Nilgiris, at an elevation of eight thousand feet in a climate where, if you toil all day and get nothing, you may yet say at night-fall, *Appone lucro*, "I have lived to-day." It is commonly believed, I think, that only in the hottest weather, in the hottest places in India, can you see a tiger and have a fair chance of making a bag including the royal animal and other heads of big game. In fact it is the case that almost everywhere the pursuit of big game and of health are incompatible, and that the one is generally obtained at the expense of the other. Hence I think a brief account of one day's sport in a locality where you can pursue both may not be without interest.

In the last days of 1887, or of any other year, there should be a bright warm sun all day and a mean temperature of 60° on the Nilgiri Hills, distant about forty miles from the western and two hundred and fifty miles from the eastern coast, and accessible from both sides by rail to within forty-five miles of the place where I was shooting, at which an excellent bungalow awaits the traveller, in the charge of an

ancient Hindu lady; who, like Catullus,* bids you sup well, if you bring with you your salt, wine, and supper.

However, the climate is of that variable character dear to the Atlantic islander before he took to wintering at Cannes, and during the whole of my stay of one week rain fell at intervals, sun shone now and again, and thick clouds settled over grass and forest, and shrouded the heights where the ibex live in impenetrable gloom. You could only wait till the clouds rolled by, and as they did they disclosed bare hillside or thick forest and a gleam of wintry sun.

On the morning of one of the last days of the year I sent a shikari to carry my rifle, and another to carry my gun, a few miles on ahead, up a steep ascent whence on the other side grassy plains descend, sometimes abruptly and sometimes gradually, to the ordinary level of the hills, *i.e.*, some seven thousand feet above the sea. I must pause to explain and to admire the Hindustani word *shikārī*, which has no English equivalent. It means a hunter in the sense in which we use the word, in the sense in which our American cousins use it, in the sense in which a Red Indian is called a hunter, and in any other sense connected directly or indirectly with guns or horses, shooting or riding, or sport in any shape or form whatsoever. Ere long a cloud settled down upon the hillside, and I had to dismount and lead my pony, which took the opportunity to seize me by the shoulder and shake it as a dog does a rat. Strange horses in India are not to be trusted. I could not find the men with the guns. Driving rain soon wetted me through; I could not see my hand in front of me, and it was impossible not to think regretfully of a warm fire which in the morning the best of companions had blown into a blaze through the barrels of his gun, and at which he had toasted the bread for breakfast with the help of a special arrangement of forks made to screw into his cleaning-rod. It is astonishing what a useful domestic utensil a gun can be turned into by a resourceful sportsman.

Little by little, as the lifting cloud allowed, I crept along the hillside, in some fear of the cliffs in front and in much more of the pony behind. At last a junction was effected with the rest of my party,

* *Cenabis bene, mī Fabulle, apud me
Si tecum attuleris bonam atque inagnam
Cenam.*

(Carmen xlii.)

and then all three cowered on the hillside, in thick cloud and occasional rain, for two hours by the clock. At last in despair a move was made to pastures new and situated lower down, where haply it might be finer, and on the way little brakes were passed where on previous days jungle fowl and woodcock had been bagged, and swamps which can be counted on to provide a snipe or two for the larder. The weather not improving, we sat down by the side of a deserted *mund*, or wicker oven-like house, in which the mysterious inhabitants of these hills make their dwelling-places, and there we proceeded to derive cold comfort from pieces of cold meat and draughts of cold water.

It was but little encouragement to see on the soft bare ground around the deserted dwelling the marks of two or more tigers, which had obviously been fighting or playing at our luncheon-ground not many hours before. It will happen so often to every one who goes out shooting to see the tracks of big beasts that he never sees in the flesh, that he grows to look upon them as rather matter of aggravation than promise of success. During another half-mile walk a hare was kicked up within a little covert, and then suddenly the cloud lifted, revealing a long silent valley down which flowed a river that fertilizes fields upon fields of rice in the low country before it is lost in the distant Bay of Bengal.

In every fold of the valley nestle compact and self-contained little evergreen woods, locally called *sholas*, among the characteristic trees of which are the ilex and eugenia, the reddening shades of which recall at one stage the autumnal beauties of Dunkeld, at another the glories of the maple forests in the lovely woods around Kioto. The rhododendron, which abounds, does not recall the stunted shrub familiar to the Londoner. It is a big tree, and its gnarled and twisted trunk is generally covered with soft green moss, and from its branches hangs the light green moss called "old man's beard," from which descend sparkling drops of rain. There is no such thing as a solitary tree on the hill slopes, unless it be here and there a rhododendron blushing to find itself alone. The smallest woods range themselves into compact little fringes to the streams that run down to meet the inevitable river at the bottom of each valley, that flows down to meet the big river at the bottom of the hills.

It was now three o'clock, a time when sambar — the deer called by the erudite *Rusa Aristotelis* — leave the cover of the

sholas and come out on the surrounding grass-land. Straight below us, at a distance of perhaps half a mile, amidst all these beauties of nature, the biggest stag that ever was seen was peacefully grazing. Under cover of the cloud we had unconsciously come straight above him, and the problem now was to get down in the open sunlight without being seen. It is not only classical heroes, however, who have been saved by the sudden intervention of a cloud such as now drifted slowly up and enveloped everything. One of my two companions and myself let ourselves down along the face of the rock and through the long grass, a recurring shower bath at every step, to a point a hundred feet or so below the place where the stag had been sighted, and then proceeded to crawl stealthily along the edge of the shola, which is as sharply defined, it must be remembered, as a box hedge in an English garden. It was exciting work, for no one could tell at what minute we might chance upon the stag; and just as I was thinking of this the largest head I ever saw loomed larger than ever in front of my face. Two white tips a prodigious distance apart, a loud bell, a whisk, and a crash, and the stag was off in the friendly shola before you could get your rifle to your shoulder or had fully realized that he was there.

Disappointedly we climbed back, and then the clouds lifted for the last time, and from four o'clock till nightfall bright sunshine illuminated the silent valleys and all but the tops of the hills. In front of us in the uplands we spied a young stag, and stalked him, wasting a long shot, and then sat down on a rock which formed a most convenient point of vantage, and scanned the surrounding country with the glass. I saw nothing, but the shikari's keen eye made out a jungle sheep, or barking deer, at a distance from a quarter to half a mile below us. Everything is below or above here. There is no level ground. I turned the glasses in the direction given, and saw what looked at first, I must say it, however absurd, like an enormous bird with his legs well under him and his wings half folded. On a longer inspection the bird looked more and more like an enormous owl. As it could not be an owl, what could it be? The sun, shining brighter and brighter, revealed marks on its back which suggested a panther, but when these marks looked long and black the thing actually developed into a tiger. Remember I was sitting straight above it; it was so foreshortened that the relations between fore legs and hind legs were con-

founded, and hind legs looked very much like wings. Besides, who ever expected to see a tiger sitting out on an open plot of grass warming himself in the sun? The problem again was how to get near him. There was some very difficult ground to get over; all down the hill were rocks and tussocks of coarse grass and thorny bushes. There was cover, however, and my shikari and I in a state of feverish excitement made a prodigious detour, a mile to the left of the tiger, to the edge of the opposite side of the shola a long way beneath, and then climbed slowly and silently up the long side of the shola till we reached the corner on the other side of which we had seen him. This was the time to cock the rifle and prepare for battle; but, alas! on rounding the corner there was no necessity for either; the grass-plot was as bare as a London back garden.

However exciting to experience, there is a sameness about the narration of such events. Suffice it to say that as with the biggest stag that ever was seen so with the only tiger that ever looked like a colossal owl; the result was disappointment and a long climb back to the point of departure. The other shikari, who had stayed behind, had, from the top of the hill, seen the tiger go into the shola, and had been a probably complacent witness of our fruitless labors.

All these descents and ascents had taken much time, and there was hardly enough daylight left for a walk of six very bad miles back to the bungalow when, at half past five, we turned our faces homewards, leaving on the left a forest which clothed the whole of one precipitous side of the valley, and in the centre of which was situated an ideal waterfall which tumbled in and out of the trees and splashed and frothed and roared in the sunlight till it joined the hidden stream below. As we tramped along the opposite hillside, we put up a pheasant, but met no other living thing except some brother sportsmen, owls and hawks, like ourselves in search of prey, and probably more successful. It is quite dark at seven in these lonely valleys, and it was half past six when we were climbing the last ascent preparatory to dropping down a few hundred almost perpendicular feet to the bungalow. The sun was sinking, and could not penetrate the cloud which enveloped the top of the hill. We walked along quietly, with those mixed feelings which a day induces when game is seen but not bagged, and the excitement of

stalking is uncrowned with the glory of a kill. I say mixed feelings, for I suppose that in shooting, as in love-making, it is better to have seen and lost than never to have seen at all. I thought regretfully of the biggest stag that ever was seen, and reproachfully of the impatient tiger, which, doubtless disgusted by doubts as to his identity, declined to wait till a view within rifle-shot should settle the point. A stray sambur might at any minute be seen grazing; so I had my rifle, a '450 express, loaded, and a few spare cartridges in my pocket; and my shikari behind me had a couple of ball cartridges in his muzzle-loader, which had been put there for the benefit of the above-mentioned tiger. I was the first to top the brow of the hill, from which grass-land sloped with a gentle descent to a burn fringed with rhododendrons, beyond which was a tiny lawn flanked by a thick shola.

The cloud still lingered on the top of the hill; there was no trace of the departing sun, and the burn, the rhododendrons, the lawn, and the shola were invisible. You could only see about gunshot distance, and the foreground was occupied by—tigers. The sight that met my eyes as I topped the crest of the hill was this: three full-grown tigers in a cloud—you could see nothing else.

The cloud, which deprived them of a background, added to their apparent size, and on this occasion there was nothing of the owl about them. On reflection I think the first impression produced by tigers met in this way is that it is very fortunate to have met them, and that it *might* be as well to leave them alone. However, there was only one thing to be done, whatever one might think; and the instant I saw them I took aim and fired at the one which presented a broadside, and a discharge behind me showed that the occasion was not one for etiquette, and that my shikari had followed suit with one barrel. The smoke hung like a thick cloud in front of us; the spring of the pin of my rifle was broken, and in loading I could not close the breech before pushing it back with my finger. Looking up, I saw one of the tigers had moved upwards in our direction. He was not charging; the impression he produced on my mind was that of a person annoyed at an interruption and not certain whence it had proceeded. Of course it was only a glimpse. As I closed the breech of my rifle the shikari from behind fired at the approaching tiger and turned him. At the same moment the cloud lifted, the smoke of

rifle and gun cleared away, the burn, the rhododendrons, the little lawn, and the shola, all was clear as day, as was the form of one tigress, now across the brook, whose yellow coat streaked with black showed up plainly through the trees as she painfully dragged behind her two broken legs towards a point where the burn took off from the bottom of the shola. Before she reached that tree she had received four more express bullets, fired from close quarters, and underneath the tree she lay down and after a few groans died. The tigers, with the mist, had disappeared, but one of them was found dead of his wounds a week later hardly a hundred yards from where we met him.

I measured the dead one with my scarf. She was a scarf and half long from the tip of her nose to the tip of her tail, that is to say seven and a half feet, not by any means a big tiger; but then to have met her in that way just at the end of a blank day, to find oneself in a cloud with three tigers and to kill even one, was immensely, unspeakably satisfactory. So thought the two natives, who, like myself, had never dreamt of getting a tiger, and I think had never seen one before. When the big cat was well dead they boxed her ears, bowed to her, and talked to her with endearing and ironical expressions. We were bound to skin her at once, for the jackals would have eaten her before morning. One of the hind legs was completely shattered by the first express bullet, and inside her were lots of little bits of the express bullets.

They cut out her liver; they judged her by reason of its five lobes to be a tigress of five years; they cut some fat from her belly to eat, which gives courage. As they skinned her one would say to the other, "I hope she won't run away," "How are you, younger sister? you won't kill any more cattle." At last we got her head and skin tied up in a coat and cloth and belt, and carried them home. And here ends this brief account of one day's sport in India.

I should like to violate the unities and include in this day a stag — not, alas! the biggest that ever was seen — killed on the morrow. I should like to tell how, in search of ibex, I met him in the open, shot him in the neck, and tracked him down the long shola by his blood, and found him at last prostrate by the burn-side. These and other pleasures may those expect who shoot upon these lovely mountains. Health, scenery, and *some*

sport they may count upon, but few can hope as I did in one day to meet one tiger in the open and to chance upon three others in a cloud.

J. D. REES.

From All The Year Round.

EMIN PASHA.

SINCE the murder of Gordon, and the death of Livingstone, no figure in all the history of European enterprise in Africa has attracted so much attention as that of the heroic individual now known as Emin Pasha. While we write, two hemispheres are waiting in anxious suspense for news of the rescue of Gordon's devoted successor by the same intrepid traveller who carried aid to Livingstone. Yet even as Livingstone did, so it is probable that Emin will do — refuse to quit the scene of his labors and his triumphs until his work be completed. Meantime the occasion is fitting to consider who and what is the remarkable man now shut up in central Africa; why he is there; and what he has done during the long period of his isolation. A volume of his letters and journals was recently published in Germany, under the editorship of Professors Schweinfurth and Ritzel, and has just been republished in this country under the supervision of Dr. Felkin of Edinburgh* — himself a well-known African traveller. From this volume we are enabled to gather all that can be told of Emin, until Stanley returns — with or without him.

Emin, then, is the name adopted by Eduard Schnitzer, a native of the small town of Oppeln, in Prussian Silesia. He was born in 1840; and two years later his father, who is described somewhat vaguely as "a merchant," removed with his family to Neisse, in which town the mother and sister of Emin still reside. At Neisse he was educated at the Gymnasium, and in due time went to Breslau University, and later to Berlin, in pursuit of the study of medicine. He graduated at Berlin in 1864, and was very proud at being able to sign himself M.D. But more even than by medicine — in which he took both a philanthropic and a scientific interest — was he attracted by studies in natural history and dominated by a strong desire for travel. Both tastes were

* Emin Pasha in Central Africa, London, George Philip and Son.

so strong, and yet moved so much in harmony, that at the end of 1864 he went to Turkey, to see if a medical practice could not be found or established there. He was fortunate enough to obtain an appointment on the staff of Hakki Pasha, whom he accompanied on a series of official journeys through Armenia, Syria, and Arabia, and back to Constantinople. Hakki died in that city in 1873, and Eduard Schnitzer in 1875 returned for a time to his friends in Germany. But not for long, for with him, as with all who begin a life of wandering, the restless spirit of Ulysses was ineradicable. In 1876 he was to be found making his way to Egypt, and there he entered the service of the khedive as Dr. Emin Effendi. He was attached to the governor-general of the Soudan at Khartoum, and on arriving there, was sent to be chief medical officer in the Equatorial Province, of which Gordon Pasha was at that time governor.

The reason why Dr. Schnitzer took the name of Emin, was because he thought that his best chance of obtaining an entrance into the Mohammedan world — in which he was to work for an indefinite number of years, and where a traditional distrust exists of Europeans — was to divest himself of all traces of his Frankish origin. His extraordinary mastery of languages made it easier for him than for most men to do this. He was not only accomplished in French, English, and Italian, and in several Slavonic languages, but he had, during his wanderings, obtained a thorough mastery of Turkish and Arabic — “as few Europeans know them,” to use his own words. He was studying Persian, and by this time is doubtless at home in most of the dialects of central Africa.

Thus, then, by changing his name, Schnitzer might pass among the Mohammedans of the Soudan for an Egyptian, and, at any rate, as not one of the hated Franks, and this counted for a great deal in the strange land where he was to labor. The name he adopted — Emin — is an Arabic word signifying “the faithful one,” and never was a happier selection made in nomenclature. Assuredly as long as civilization has any history, and human effort any chronicler, the name of Emin will be remembered and honored.

It need hardly be said that Gordon took at once to Emin. He regarded him as something a great deal more than a medical officer; sent him on tours of inspection through the province, and on diplo-

matic missions to various chiefs. Finally, when appointed to the post of governor-general of the Soudan, Gordon handed over to Emin Effendi the administration of the Equatorial Province, which, broadly, extends from about the ninth to the second parallel, down, in fact, to the northern shores of the Lake Albert Nyanza, with which all readers of African travel are more or less familiar. Between the southern limits of the province and the Lake Victoria Nyanza, on which are various missionary stations, are the native states of Unyoro and Uganda — two nations who are always more or less at war with each other, and through whose territory it has been impossible for some years for Europeans to penetrate. The famous Mtesa was king of Uganda; but since his death that state has been dominated by his son Mwanga, a youth, by all accounts, of the most approved savage type, and to whom the murder of Bishop Hannington is attributed.

It was in this far-reaching territory that first Sir Samuel Baker and then “Chinese” Gordon had struggled to suppress the iniquitous slave-trade, a struggle in which neither was by any means cordially supported by persons in authority at Khartoum and Cairo. Nevertheless, Gordon had brought it into an organized and a peaceful, although not into a “paying,” condition, for it was laboring under a heavy debt, and was leaving an annual large deficit. When Gordon retired he was followed by a succession of corrupt and incompetent native governors, who rapidly reduced the province again to a state of anarchy, and made it the abode of oppression and robbery, injustice and brutality. The various tribes, who had expanded under the benign influence of Gordon’s rule, suffered severely under his infamous successors, while the slave-dealers, entrenched in fortified villages, at once recommenced their abominable traffic.

This was the condition of the country when Gordon, having returned to Khartoum as governor-general of the Soudan, appointed Emin as governor of the Equatorial Province, his post up to that time having been only surgeon-in-chief. Up to this time, too, he had no Egyptian rank, but, in course of time, became successively bey and pasha.

Emin assumed the reins in 1878, and within a few years he had effected a great change in the province. He had got rid of a number of the disreputable officials, many of them Egyptian criminals banished

and taken into government employ after undergoing their sentences. He had replaced untrustworthy Egyptian soldiers by natives whom he had trained and could trust. He had rebuilt the stations which had fallen into disrepair; equalized taxation; removed the discontent of the people, and had cleared out the slave-dealers, who were the curse of the land.

He also superintended a hospital at Lado, then his chief station or capital, and made frequent tours through his territory. By the end of 1882 he was able to report that his province was at peace, and free from slave-traffic; that the cultivation of cotton, of indigo, of coffee, of rice, and of sugar was being industriously prosecuted; that a regular weekly post had been established between the stations; that the roads were being mended, and made more permanent; and that the budget, instead of a deficit, was showing a profit of eight thousand pounds after providing for all the expenses of administration. And all this was achieved, unaided, by a German doctor, who knew nothing of military matters, finance, or agriculture, when he went to Africa, and whose only experience in diplomacy had been gained there under Gordon.

But not the least remarkable thing about Emin is his fondness for scientific work, and the ardor with which he pursues botanical and geological inquiries in spite of, but not to the neglect of, the overwhelming official duties resting upon him. His journals teem with notes of the profoundest interest to the naturalist; and there is also reason to believe that he has solved some geographical problems of importance with regard to the countries and the rivers to the south of the Albert Lake, and in other parts.

It is, indeed, expected that, when he returns, or is once more brought into touch with Europe, he will enable geographers practically to reconstruct the map of central Africa to the north of the equator.

Dr. Felkin, who was with Emin in 1878 and 1879, records that what he was most struck with in Emin is his devotion to duty, and the absolute unselfishness of his character. His whole heart, says Felkin, seems to be centred in the welfare of his people and in the advancement of science, without any thought of fame or personal advantage.

Dr. Hartlaub says: "The amount of work that Emin Pasha has performed in making zoological collections, observations, and notes, is astonishing in the

highest degree. It could only have been performed by a man whose heart was aglow with the pure fire of scientific interest, with enthusiastic, absolutely unselfish love of nature, and with an irresistible impulse to add to her treasures of knowledge to the full extent of his powers. Emin was able to turn this impulse into action, notwithstanding the pressure of difficult surrounding circumstances, and the many and varied duties which his high position compelled him to fulfil."

This then is the man who, always treated with coldness by the Egyptian government, was abandoned to his fate when the Mahdi troubles broke out, when Khar-toum fell, and Gordon was slain. For three years and a half Emin was without trustworthy news from the outer world; without any at all from Europe. He learned that Lupton Bey, formerly his lieutenant, and afterwards governor of the neighboring province of Bahr-el-Ghazal, had surrendered to the Mahdi, and for a time he felt that he would have to do the same.

But he held out; and by-and-by the reverses in the fortunes of the false prophet confirmed him in his determination to hold his territory until he was relieved.

Towards the end of February, 1886, he received, via Zanzibar, a despatch from Nubar Pasha, informing him that the Soudan was to be given up, that the government was unable to assist him, and that he might take what measures he thought proper to leave the country. In short, he was left to his fate, and it was small consolation to him to learn that he had authority to draw on the English consul-general at Zanzibar, for what money he might need. Writing about this to Dr. Schweinfurth, he bitterly remarks: "They simply suggest to me the way to Zanzibar, just as they would a walk to Shubra!"

But the way to Zanzibar was not open. Mwanga had succeeded to Mtesa as king of Uganda, and had adopted an attitude of hostility to Europeans. He would not allow Emin to pass through his territory, and intercepted, for a long time, the supplies which Dr. Junker had despatched to him. And even if he could have got away Emin would not have gone. Writing to Dr. Felkin, in July, 1886, he expresses the belief and hope that England, at any rate, would not leave him there to perish, and would appreciate the importance of supporting him in crushing the slave-trade, and keeping the people of the province free.

In April, 1887, he learned through Mr. Mackay, the imprisoned missionary in Uganda, that help was being sent to him, and he writes again at that date to Dr. Felkin, expressing his gratitude and thanks. But, he adds: "If the people of Great Britain think that as soon as Stanley or Thomson comes, I shall return with them, they greatly err. I have passed twelve years of my life here, and would it be right of me to desert my post as soon as the opportunity for escape presented itself? I shall remain with my people until I see perfectly clearly that both their future and the future of my country is safe. The work of Gordon, paid for with his blood, I will strive to carry on, if not with his energy and genius, still according to his intention and in his spirit." And again: "All we would ask England to do, is to bring about a better understanding with Uganda, and to provide us with a free and safe way to the coast. That is all we want. Evacuate our territory? Certainly not!"

What then is the charm of this territory to which Emin is so attached? It is a beautiful country, as we have heard before from Sir Samuel Baker and other travellers; but we gain a better idea of many portions of it from Emin's journals. True, it has its disadvantages, as the following description of a march in the district of Fatiko will show:—

"Grass of a height and closeness rare even in Unyoro, and dripping with dew, had literally to be broken through, for, as soon as we had left the village, there was no road of any kind. As I had taken the lead, I had, of course, the first and full enjoyment of the grass, thorns, and water, and at a temperature of sixty-three degrees Fahr. to have to crawl, as wet as a drowned rat, through bushes, is unpleasant even in central Africa. It was scarcely possible to take compass bearings, everything was so wet, and the grass thrust itself so impertinently even into our ears and eyes. The first clearing was reached after about two hours and three quarters' march, and was hailed with joy, for we could dry ourselves there in the sun. The delay—our rate of marching could not have been more than two miles an hour—was made up for by a quick march on a better ground we had now reached, where the men ran to warm themselves, for the cool wind was blowing. At Modo, our old night quarters, which we reached shortly after midday, the water, always scanty enough, had been

drunk up by elephants and buffaloes, and so we had to go on with thirst unquenched for two hours and a quarter longer to Ras-el-Fil. There we found water in a row of holes, which tasted good after a march of eight hours."

This extract will serve to illustrate some of the discomforts of travel in the outlying parts of Emin's territory, and is, indeed, typical of what travellers have to expect in African travel. But in the settled parts of his dominions, far other pictures are presented. At the stations, gardening has been promoted, and fruits and vegetables are produced in abundance. Among his many agricultural experiments, Emin has introduced several varieties of bamboo, has encouraged the natives to cultivate several American grains, the seeds of which he had had sent to him, has promoted and extended the cultivation of rice, and many other crops. "The love of gardening and cultivation," he says, "has much increased among my people, and I daily receive letters begging of me seeds and plants." But, from a commercial point of view, the most promising aspects of the country are in the advantage which it offers and the success which has been obtained in the cultivation of cotton and coffee, and of sugar. Besides these products, Emin wrote to Dr. Schweinfurth in 1883 naming ivory, oil of several kinds, skins, corn (?), ostrich feathers, india-rubber, wax, and iron as products of the country in which a large trade could be done. The deposits of iron are in several places, and the existence of other valuable minerals is more than probable. Caoutchouc, Emin said, he could supply in large quantities, but at the time was prohibited from entering into direct commercial relations with "the world," because he was obliged then to deliver all his produce at Khartoum, and to receive from thence in exchange the very worst goods at the very highest prices.

It is not difficult to see that in a country so richly endowed, and with a people who have now learned the blessings of peace and have been trained for years to habits of systematic industry, there must be a considerable market for many European products. The difficulty is to gain and maintain a line of communication. The Nile route is now closed, and is likely to remain closed for a long time, but in any case it was a long and difficult route. Other possible routes exist from the Zanzibar coast and through Uganda, and from the Congo. The latter is what Stanley

has followed, and his experience will have much effect in determining the future course to be adopted in opening up the Equatorial Province.

These are the commercial considerations; but there is also a philanthropic consideration. The slave-trade has been the curse of Africa, and there can be little doubt that it has been winked at, and even shared in, by high Egyptian officials. In spite of them, and in spite of the strength of the Arab traders, Emin has banished the traffic from his dominions, at any rate, and humanity demands that we shall not permit it to be revived, as was done after Gordon left the country. In fact, the only hope of quashing this nefarious trade is in preserving European dominance in the heart of Africa. Missionary effort will certainly not do it unaided; but in this connection it is encouraging to learn from Emin that not more than ten converts to Mohammedanism have been made in his province in twenty years. This is characterized by his German biographer as a crushing fact for the future of Islam in central Africa. "On no account," says this writer, "must one imagine that our countryman is a renegade, or that he has given up the faith of his fathers. Emin does not belong to those half-hearted Christians, who talk about the advantages of the Mohammedan religion as a civilizing agent in Africa. On the contrary, it may be seen from many of his letters, that he has the heartiest sympathy with the efforts of Christian missionaries." And, let us add, he has nobly prepared the way and smoothed the path for these missionaries.

We should have liked to have shown from Emin's journals something of his wonderful faculty of observation, and his graphic power of description. We should have liked, too, to have cited some of the curious facts he records about the characteristics and habits of the various peoples gathered under his rule, as well as those he visited in outlying native states, for nothing escapes him. But space will not permit, and, indeed, the journals present a perfect embarrassment of riches. The difficulty, indeed, would be to know what to select. But our object in this paper has been rather to show the man and his own personal work, than to present a view of central African life and geography. When the result of Stanley's expedition is known we may return to the subject again, for, as the old Roman said, "something new is always coming out of Africa."

From Chambers' Journal.

IN A TURKISH CITY.

SECOND PAPER.

MOST of the streets in Scodra are far from being gay. The roadway is generally loose and pebbly, for it serves the double purpose of a road in dry weather and of a watercourse in the winter, when the Kiri overflows. At intervals, usually in front of some great gateway with massive wooden doors, are rows of boulders, which act as stepping-stones in the rainy season for those who wish to cross the street. The footpath is a raised causeway, sometimes a couple of feet above the road, in order to avoid the floods. There is no view at all; for on either hand rise high walls of cobble-stones, over which may perhaps be seen the red roofs of the houses they encircle, and the trees which beautify the courtyards and gardens kept so jealously guarded from the public eye.

My own little cottage will perhaps serve as a type of the houses in Scodra. Like the rest, it is hidden away behind its high stone walls, and its gateway is a huge and imposing affair like the entrance to a fortress. In front of the house is a bare little courtyard paved with cobble-stones, and containing the well with its curious hand windlass for drawing up the water. For some reason or other, this courtyard is covered in autumn with a luxuriant growth of chamomile, which renders the hot air heavy with a medicinal odor, and makes walking difficult except in the paths that get worn through the mass. It never enters into any one's head to uproot this growth; it is there, and we accept it with resignation. Beyond the courtyard, and separated from it by a slight fence, is the garden. It contains two or three olive-trees, half-a-dozen vines, and a couple of mulberry-trees, representing the three staple products of Scodra—oil, wine, and silk. To my own exertions are due the magnificent crop of tomatoes, the green peas, the other vegetables, and the glorious mass of flowers in one corner.

The house itself faces this little domain, and is a small, one-storied cottage, built, like the wall, with cobble-stones from the bed of the Kiri, and plastered white all over. The roof is low; and the eaves project far over the walls, giving shelter from the burning sun in summer, and from the pitiless rain in winter. On the ground-floor is nothing but a servant's room, the rest being a wide open space, where wood, charcoal, and other stores are kept, and where the Albanians some-

times stable their horses and cattle. The house is really the half of a larger building, but was cut off from the other part many years ago. The open balcony which runs along the front of all the houses of Scodra, has been shut in, to make a bedroom and an entrance-hall; while the ladder which formerly gave access to the first floor, has been roofed over and turned into a staircase. On this, the only floor, there are, besides the entrance hall, two bedrooms, a sitting-room, and a kitchen. There is nothing remarkable about the other rooms; but my bedroom, which was in all probability the *harem* when an Albanian family occupied it, is a typical native room. It is lighted by three small square windows, guarded by an ornamental wooden lattice. These windows are about a foot from the ground, and only go half-way up the wall to where a broad shelf of carved wood runs all round the room, and is the general receptacle for every odd and end that can be stowed away nowhere else. Between two of the windows is the fireplace, a curious white-washed erection resembling a small shrine. The hearthstone is a broad, octagonal slab, and was used on grand occasions for burning a whole log of wood at a time, as our ancestors burned the Yule-log. Opposite the fireplace is a deep alcove, panelled with carved wood; and above it a sort of balcony, to which access is given by a tiny staircase hidden in the wall. This recess once contained the carved oak chest in which an Albanian bride's *trousseau* is stored; but now it serves as a warbrode for my clothes, and as a convenient place for ranging my boots, over which huge rats tumble and disport themselves all night long.

Next door is the kitchen, where, with the most primitive of stoves and two or three tin pots, Simon the cook contrives to elaborate the most excellent dishes. I am proud of my cook, and with reason, for he is about the best cook in Scodra; indeed, on his own showing he is the only one. Occasionally he becomes inflated with pride, and gets restive, but is quickly brought to reason by the threat of sending to Trieste for a cook. Of course I have no such absurd intention; but Simon is given over to the idea so prevalent among the lower classes abroad, that the Bank of England cellars are full of new sovereigns, and that Englishmen have only got to go and take a few shovelfuls when they want money for any of their mad freaks. But then many educated foreigners will assert with all seriousness

that England does everything with gold, and that even our soldiers never fight, but bribe the enemy to run away, as a French paper is persuaded they did at Tel-el-Kebir. Simon has a wife and family somewhere in the town, and does not sleep in the house, but disappears soon after dinner to reappear early the next morning.

Unlike the cook, who is an Albanian, Achmet, my personal servant, is a pure Turk. He is what corresponds to a university graduate in Turkey; but still, though he is a learned man, and writes his intricate language fluently, he does not disdain to put his entire energies into my service for the time being. And energies they are. He has none of the gravity of a Turk, and no one has ever yet seen him walk. Correctly attired in a dark suit, and with his fez sticking straight up on his head, he goes about his marketing errands, at a gait half shuffle, half trot, his beady little brown eyes glittering, and his umbrella tucked tightly under his arm after the manner of Mr. Paul Pry. During the Russo-Turkish war, he managed to become the government's creditor for a considerable sum, just at the time when all government debts were being paid in *caimées*, or paper money, when they could no longer be postponed. For a long time the worthy Achmet's importunities were met with fair words; but as he at last became wearisome, he was given an order for his money on the treasury of the vilayet of Scodra, to insure his leaving Constantinople. He arrived almost penniless in Scodra, where the governor, who not been able to pay his troops for months, and who did not know where to turn for supplies of food for his men, treated the order on his empty treasury with scant ceremony. Poor Achmet was now at his wits' end; he fell ill from sheer privation, and was taken to the military hospital, where, when he grew stronger, he acted as general servant for his daily bread. This was his darkest hour. He had lost everything but a ragged suit of clothes, and the papers that proved the government's indebtedness to him; when one day he heard that the Austrian vice-consul had dismissed his servant and was looking for another. Achmet at once applied for the place; but was so miserable an object, and so ignorant of European ways, that it was with great hesitation the vice-consul allowed him to come for a week or two on trial, as there was no one else to be had. In a month, Achmet had become a very different being; his illness, brought

on by hunger and despair, had completely left him; he had bought a neat dark suit of clothes with his first wages, and had become so excellent and trustworthy a servant, that his master would not have parted with him under any consideration. When the Austrian left Scodra, Ahmet came to me; and a more faithful and hard-working servant no man was ever blessed with in the East or elsewhere.

A very little way off lives the consul who watches over the interests of the empire of China in Scodra. He is an amiable, shy little man, whose pasty complexion gives him the appearance of having been parboiled. His official residence is a huge barrack not long erected, about which the poor little consul used to wander like a forlorn ghost. His chief friend and confidant is his dragoman, a worthy native of the town, whose eldest daughter has been educated in Europe. The lonely consul saw this girl, who had returned to her cottage home dressed in European costume, and speaking French with considerable fluency; but for a long while he kept his thoughts to himself. The poor child felt naturally rather like a fish out of water when she returned home, for she had become quite accustomed to European ways; while her mother and two sisters still clung to their loose Turkish trousers and Oriental habits. But the fairy prince was at hand. The little consul saw and loved; but the functionaries of the Chinese empire are not allowed to contract marriages at random, and without the leave of their imperial master; so the lover wisely kept his own counsel, and sent in a formal application to his chiefs for permission to marry a girl with whom he had hardly exchanged two words in his life. In due time an imposing parchment arrived granting the required indulgence, and sealed with an imperial seal of portentous dimensions. The next day the consul placed the precious document and its envelope carefully into an inner pocket, and set off to pay a visit to his dragoman. The object of his affections was not in the room, so he timidly inquired after her. In the East, the head of a house assumes an extremely apologetic attitude towards a guest when speaking of his womankind, and considers a wife rather a thing to be ashamed of; but as his daughter had been educated *alla Franca*, the dragoman bowed so far to European customs as to summon her. The consul did not waste words — perhaps he could not trust himself to speak; but he pulled the enclosure from his pocket and thrust it into the girl's

hands, saying simply: "Read it." Speechless with astonishment, she opened the document, and, stumbling through the preamble, saw, to her utter amazement, that the emperor granted permission to his trusty servant the consul to marry the lady mentioned in his application. It was perhaps the most original situation ever imagined.

The consul broke the silence. "I have my august master's permission: what is your answer?"

Stammering something about consulting her parents, the girl rushed from the room; and her suitor, picking up his precious papers, took his leave.

The rest may be easily imagined. Consuls do not grow on wayside hedges. The family's acceptance was quickly notified to the lover; and he, prompt and decided in action, instantly secured the services of the priest. Every obstacle was overcome; the greatest secrecy was observed; and on the Sunday following this unique proposal, a little procession left the dragoman's house soon after sunset. First marched the *cavas*, gorgeous in his scarlet uniform, carrying a lantern in his hand, and too philosophical to betray any astonishment at the curious customs of the Franks. Then came the consul in his best black broadcloth frock-coat and billycock hat, with his bride leaning on his arm. Immediately behind the happy pair came the bride's two sisters, in Albanian dresses, shuffling along in their loose slippers, and with their full silken trousers rustling with aggressive newness, giggling behind their veils at the double impropriety of being out after dark and of seeing their sister leaning on a man's arm just like a Frank. The father and mother of the bride brought up the rear. The priest was waiting for the party; and the consul was married to his dragoman's daughter before more than half-a-dozen people in the city knew that there was ever an engagement between them.

The next day the fact came out; and the gossip and amazement it excited were to be remembered; all the principal Christian merchants deeply regretting that their daughters had not been educated *alla Franca*, and resolving to rectify the mistake with the least possible delay. These good resolutions soon passed away when the nine days' wonder was over; but my neighbor remains with an amiable wife, and with the satisfaction of having achieved the most unique proposal and wedding that ever entered the mind of man to conceive.

The other consuls are not men of such startling originality. One of them has a skittle alley in his garden; and once a week throughout the summer, consuls-general and pashas, consuls and beys, vice-consuls and Roman Catholic priests, vie with one another in bowling a heavy ball at the nine skittles at the other end of the alley. It is a capital amusement, as it combines gentle excitement and a certain amount of bodily exercise without the trouble of moving out of the shade of the spreading mulberry-tree. At the other end, an Albanian gardener fags for us, and trundles back the ball with prodigious energy and never-ceasing grins. The representative of Andorra alone does not patronize these gaieties. He is an ill-tempered little man, with a hook nose and a heavy moustache, and often profits by the whole European colony being engaged at skittles, to pay one of his unfrequent visits. On returning home one day, I found his visiting-card sticking-out of a crack in my great outer gate. He knew I was out, but would not penetrate into the

courtyard, for fear I should return and catch him before he could make his escape. I keep that card as a memorial of the high breeding shown by an official of the republic of Andorra.

For some reason or other, the kingdom of the Morea has a representative here. It is true that there is nothing for him to do; but that is just as well, for all the summer he is a prisoner in his rooms. It is far too hot to go out except just before sunset, and at that hour he dare not stir, for the cattle are then driven in from the pastures outside the city, and he has a mortal terror of cows. His predecessor nearly lost his life by rashly attempting to imitate the English, and take a cold bath directly after leaving his bed. He tried the experiment on one of the hottest days in summer; but the shock was so great that he retired shivering to his bed, and never repeated the attempt. He was quite right; it is a dangerous thing for a man of nearly forty to upset the habits of a lifetime, and use anything to wash in larger than a soap-dish.

At a recent meeting of the Asiatic Society of Japan (reported in the *Japan Weekly Mail* of November 19), Mr. Batchelor read a paper on the *kamui*, or gods of the Ainos of Yezo. He enumerated under thirteen heads these deities as they appear to be arranged in the Aino mind. These are: (1) the chief of all the deities, the possessor of heaven and the maker of worlds and places; (2) the progenitor of the Aino race, and presider over the affairs of men, who is the only human being worshipped by the people; (3) the sun and moon (the stars are not worshipped); (4) the fire-god, worshipped because of its general usefulness in cooking, healing, purifying, etc.,—sometimes spoken of as the "messenger" or mediator between gods and men; (5) the goddesses who preside over springs, lakes, rivers, and waterfalls,—they are worshipped as benefactors of mankind, particularly in alluring fish to ascend and descend the rivers; (6) the sea-gods, two in number, one being good and one evil,—the latter is the originator of all storms, and the direct cause of shipwrecks and death from drowning at sea; (7) bears, the most powerful animals known to the Ainos, as well as the most useful, supplying them at once with food and clothing; (8)

the autumn salmon, the largest fish ascending the rivers,—it is not worshipped, but the term *kamui* or deity is applied to it; (9) many birds, some of good, others of ill, omen, though not worshipped, are called deities. The same term is applied to beautiful localities, to high mountains, to regions full of bears or rivers full of fish, to large trees, to cool breezes on a warm day, to men of official rank, to devils, evil spirits, and reptiles. When applied to anything good, the term *kamui* expresses the quality of usefulness, beneficence, divinity; when applied to anything evil, it implies dread, hatefulness, and such like. Applied to animals, it represents the greatest, fiercest, or most useful; to men, it is a mere title of respect. Subsequently, in the course of the discussion, Mr. Batchelor said that the facts of the Aino religion were very simply stated. They had one chief god, and all the others were officers or messengers of this supreme being; there was no lightning or thunder god. These were the facts, but he could not explain them. The Ainos, he said, regarded the sun as a body in which a deity resides, "distinguishing, so to speak, between a body and a soul."

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